CHICAGO LEDGER

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NORAH'S BANDIT

BY FLOYD T. WOOD

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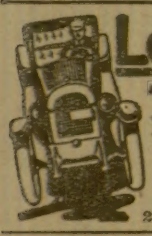

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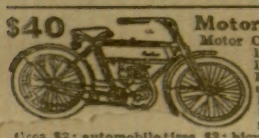

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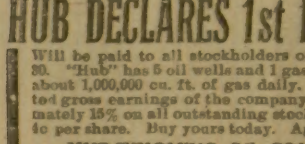

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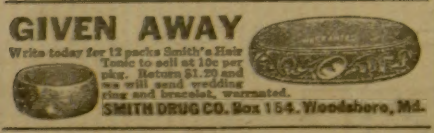

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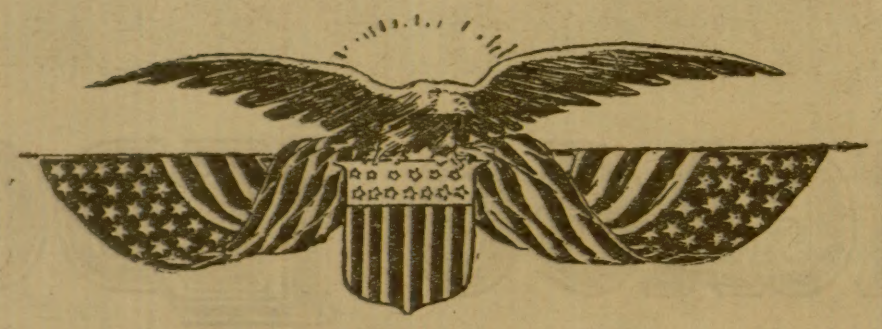

The Editor Has His Say Here

THE editor has had a hard time deciding what to say in his alloted space on this page for this number of the Ledger. At the same time he recalls saying only a few weeks ago that when he sat down to hammer out on a typewriter the weekly chats with his readers so many things came popping into his mind that he had to put on the brakes in order to stay within two columns. But this week the shoe in on the other foot. For the editor has been paying a little visit to the circulation department and looking over the figures. And when he realized that he must try to say something that will interest a million readers you can just believe how appalling it was.

SOMEHOW an editor does not stop to think that when he puts a single printed line into a paper he must weigh its value to one million persons, men and women, boys and girls, old and young. If he did stop to think it is a safe wager that he would not let a thing go into the paper because once he began to wonder whether the majority of his readers would be pleased he would begin to hesitate, make a decision, then reverse it and finally decide nothing was good enough. Not only is this true when the editor sits down to write his weekly chats. He must bear in mind all the time that upon what one million persons think depends the success or failure of his magazine. Every story that goes into the Ledger must pass muster. Every story that comes in must be read with the one question in mind: "Is this the kind of a story that will please a million readers, or is it the kind that will please only a few?" Unless the editor can say to himself that his best judgment answers "yes" to the first half of the question, the story goes back to the writer with regrets.

COMING in the near future are several serial stories that have passed this test with flying colors. None of them are alike in plot and all of them are highly interesting. Beginning next week will be a serial "The Branded Smuggler," concerning which we will tell you more further down. The next week will introduce to you "The Deserter," concerning which we told you last week. It is the story of a naval officer, or rather of two naval officers, brothers, but as unlike as two men can be except in looks. One of them has committed a grievous error. One of them must pay. Both love the same girl. Comes the entrance of the United States into the war. The fleet is ordered into action against German submarines. With this setting cannot you imagine what a splendid story the writer unfolds?

"HIS NEXT OF KIN" is a three-part story which had its inception in the German propaganda among those of us who must do our fighting at home, the continual battle which we must wage against the liar, the pacifist, the Kaiser's friends who seek to cause us as much trouble as possible at home while our boys are "over there." "His Next of Kin" is an illuminating story revealing what is going on, or rather how it may be going on, in our very midst and, most important of all, the steps that are being taken to check this insidious pro-German movement. No matter where you live the Kaiser's agents are busy. If you want to do your part in stamping them out, read "His Next of Kin." You will learn things there that you may not know of.

THE serial which will follow will be "Rose of the Valley," a "somewhat different" story with a setting in Mexico, and one of the most highly interest-gripping serials we have offered in some time. It will be followed by "The Quarterbreed," that story which we told you about having on hand when we concluded "Into the Primitive." The author is the same, Robert Ames Bennet, and he has chosen an Indian reservation for the scenes. It involves an Army captain, a crooked young man, a beautiful girl with Indian blood, her father, redskins made angry by continual robbery of their birthright, fighting, love and passion. It is a long serial and will be served to you in generous installments thru the two months after it begins.

CANADA, by reason of its population, has many legends of the big woods, none perhaps better known than that of the were-wolf, the half-man half beast that roams the woods. Based upon this legend we have obtained a splendid story called "The Were Wolf," which is fraught with adventure. A delicate vein of love runs thru the story. The climax is as startling and unexpected as one could wish and we are sure you will enjoy the story when the first installment reaches you in August.

NOW about "The Branded Smuggler," the serial of love and redemption, which begins in our next number, July 20th. It presents a picture of great contrasts, and we think you will like it. The Branded Smuggler is a woman, whose life is a mystery even to her. To gain some knowledge of her origin, she promises to make an unusual sacrifice, but the man she loves prevents her from doing this, and sets her on the right path. How she finally finds out about her parentage, is told in the last installment. The story depicts life in the Parisian underworld, and from beginning to end is a battle of wits. Don't forget to read the first installment which begins in next week's Ledger.

PERHAPS you have noticed a new name over our Kitchen Department, that of Mary Fuller West. Miss West is an enthusiastic Hooverite, and wants to see every one of our women readers living up to the requirements which the Food Administration has set down as necessary during the period of the war. As a result of her enthusiasm, Miss West is offering thru our columns, a weekly talk on food, and a number of recipes which are designed for the average household, where cost is the big factor in determining what goes on the table. You will find that her recipes are economical, and what is more, not only teach you how to save, but how to serve as well. Our needlework department is now in charge of Elizabeth Berne and H. Kaufman, two expert needle-women. Every week, they will tell you how to make pretty knicknacks during your spare moments, and what is equally important, they always include hints for the busy housewife who has mending to do. They too are advocates of the conservation policy, for in these days of expensive materials, we must know how to mend and fix the garments which we have on hand. Read their page carefully and you will profit.

The Editor.

Turn About.

PAT O'TOOLE, a notorious poacher, going out at dawn in search of game on the Duke of Norfolk's estate, on turning a sharp corner suddenly met the duke coming toward him.

"Good morning, yer honor," he said, seeing it impossible to clear off unseen; "and what brought you out so early this morning?"

The duke replied that he had just taken a stroll to get an appetite for breakfast, and then, looking suspiciously at the Irishman, asked: "Why are you out so early?"

"Faith," was the reply, "I came to get a breakfast for my appetite."

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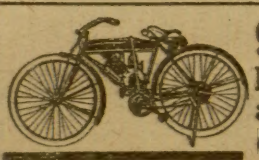

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Love Comes Unbidden and Shines Thru the Darkness of Suspicion

It Was Hard, Hot, Soul-trying Work, but Thanks to My Friend, We Won.

NORAH'S BANDIT

By Floyd T. Wood

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

I AM neither a heroine nor a freak. I'm just a common, ordinary, every-day sort of a girl, born and raised in the West, and with every hope and intention of dying here. My name is Norah Prentiss, and my dad is Judge Wm. Prentiss of Chico City. My dad is a regular man, and if you have ever been in this part of the great West most likely you have heard of him. Dad lost all of his money last winter buying scenic looking oil shares; I may as well tell you first as last.

That's all he did lose, tho—money; and out here with us a good reputation with no cash is worth oodles of the stuff with the other kind of standing in the community. These old-fashioned ideas may not apply to the effete and cabareted East, but in this vicinity I can make the statement with a clear conscience. I am willing to admit that at first the state of being bankrupt was a severe jolt to the family, and we didn't like it the least little bit. But have you ever noticed how a good, stiff wallop sometimes ends up by being a good friend, and you feel like saying:

"Hello, Jolt—old boy—awfully glad you [illegible]."

Now take our financial troubles, for instance. If dad hadn't got rash and wagered all his money on nothing but promises, I wouldn't have spent those three months out there alone on dad's homestead. And if I hadn't have been out there in Sunset Valley a whole lot of things, nice and otherwise, that happened could never have appeared on the map at all. So there you are. If it was just the whims of Fate, then all I can say is that when that lady can make a person as happy as I am today then I'm willing to lift my glass high, and drink a toast to Fate.

If I were a playwright I should label my adventures, "The Mystery of Sunset Valley, or Black Pete's Revenge." Scene 1, Act 1, would be one certain Saturday afternoon. I had taken the ponies and the buckboard and gone to town for mail and supplies. Don't laugh, out here it doesn't take much to make a town. Creston had a store, anyway, which was also the postoffice, and a mail-crane, and a plank platform to load and unload passengers. The A. P. railroad connected Creston with civilization, the nearest sample being Chico City, about forty miles away.

I finished my errands and rattled away home quite happy and contented. The trail up the valley was only a sort of double-barreled cow path, and as crooked as political speeches. Just as I came in sight of the little log buildings that I called "home" the sun went down below the upper end of the valley. That's why we called our place "The Homestead of Sunset Valley," because all summer the sun went to bed there. I could see the cattle waiting for me near the stable door, faithfully guarded by Mike. It wouldn't be right to have a story concerning Norah without including a Mike, would it? Mike was my dog. The cattle consisted of Brindle, an old Shorthorn, and Spot, the calf.

I put the ponies away and went to the house. My arms were full of bundles. When I got near enough to the house to see things I very promptly dropped all of them in sheer amazement. Friday afternoon I had spent dragging dry poles up to the back door of the shack from the bank of the creek. With no great degree of pleasure I had anticipated having to hack up one of these poles before I could make a fire for supper. And now—behold—every single stick was split in nice, convenient lengths and piled neatly near the door The two water barrels, that I had left almost empty, were brimming full. Girls who ride home on the street-cars, and light the gas, and turn on a water faucet, may not be able to understand how I felt. But I want to tell them that I was glad, clear down to the bottom story of my heart.

I looked around for my unknown friend, but there was nobody in sight. I asked Mike who had been there, and when, and why, and all sorts of other questions, but he only bumped his tail on the ground, frisked around, and looked altogether silly. I had to accept gratefully that which the gods had provided. I made supper, milked Brindle and did the other chores, locked the door and went to sleep.

I got up the next morning as full of forebodings as the sea is of salt. It was blistering hot, and windy in the bargain. For weeks we had had no rain; the country was dry as a bone. Sunset Valley, ordinarily a rich, green feast for stock, was for the most part withered and brown. Only along the creek were things still green, and Brindle and the ponies were glad to pasture there. To the south and southwest of me were the wild, broken hills that so well deserved their name, "Chico County Bad Lands." North were the same sort of hills—only rather more subdued. It was a fancy of mine that they had been partially tamed by the green wedge of our valley, which separated them from their more lawless neighbors, or perhaps it was the nearness of the broad prairies, into which the hills themselves finally merged.

At Creston the afternoon before the store-man had spoken feelingly of fires and fireguards. When I told him I was still unprotected he had shaken his head and looked serious. And now, with the hot wind whipping my skirts and stinging my face, his solemn warning came again to mind. I knew that on the north side the creek was adequate protection. But the south! There was nothing but parched grass extending right up to my buildings, and the miles of dry, barren hills. Outlaws were supposed to lurk in the safety of this desolate land, and it was said they often started fires just to anger their law-abiding neighbors.

I pulled out a small breaking-plow that was a part of dad's equipment of farm machinery. I hitched on the ponies and made an attempt to do something in the line of guards. To tell the plain truth my efforts as a plow-woman were rather a joke. To begin with, the plow was hard to hold; and the ponies—especially Nig—were too small for the job. When I did succeed in getting the plow point in, and a decent furrow started, Nig would quit cold. When I left the plow and led the horses, the former would jump out of the ground and slide along on top in a silly and quite useless fashion. I gave up at last, and dropped down in the shade beside the shack ready to cry from sheer vexation.

But very shortly Mike brought me back to the realities of life. He started howling, mournfully, dismally, almost pathetically, just such a tune as his wolfish relatives sing from the buttes of "The Bad Lands." I looked at him in hurt surprise, but my eyes followed his, and I sprang to my feet with a sudden surge of fear. Away to the south I could see a mad, whirling, yellow-white mass rearing up towards the sky. I knew; the hills were on fire; and the wind was blowing straight towards me and mine. Again I tried to plow; desperately I struggled with Nig and the breaker. It was useless; even desperation won't allow a person to be at two places at once. For the second time I gave up.

I left the ponies standing hitched to the plow and ran to the house. I grabbed some of my household things and carried them to the moist shelter along the creek. It was a trip of twenty rods or more each way. I was nervous to start with; two trips and I was panting for breath. Either the wind had freshened, or my imagination had. It seemed to sweep past with wicked, growing strength. The smell of burning grass was in the air; shreds and wisps of stinging smoke scurried by; the air felt hot—dry—as if almost ready to burst into flame itself.

I realized suddenly that before many minutes the buildings that I called home would be ugly piles of smoking ruins. True, they were only log, and small, but they were my only shelter; I could have cried. And then I noticed the ponies. They were twisting and turning, stamping in their uneasiness. I hurried to them and began to drop the traces. And as I worked, right out from the heart of the smoke clouds came a man on horseback.

"Hello," he said crisply, "you're in trouble, I see. What's the matter with you and the plowing?"

"I'm all right," I answered breathlessly, "it's Nig; he won't pull."

Almost before I knew what was going on Nig was loose, and the stranger's horse, wearing Nig's harness, stood in his place.

"Lead the horses," the man ordered, "we haven't a second to lose. I'll hold the plow."

I knew he was right, every second was precious, but with new courage I jumped to help. We made three or four furrows on the south—the danger side—in a half circle that included both shack and stable. Time was too short to run thru to the natural barrier of the creek.

"Backfire now," the man shouted, "on the outside of our furrows. It's the only way we'll stop the sweep of the main fire." He worked one way; I, the other. Speed was vital; we could see the hungry, leaping glare of the approaching destroyer. It was hard, hot, soul-trying work, but thanks to my friend—we won. The red waves came rushing and roaring up to our guard; smothered us with ashes; blinded us with smoke; and swept around the ends of our protecting barrier and burned themselves out along the creek. Farther up the valley, where the creek was dry, the flames leaped across, spread and grew again under the impetus of the wind, and went raging away into the north.

Fighting prairie fires is not a task calculated to enhance a woman's native charm; I'm sure I must have looked a perfect sight. I was blowing like a leaky bellows; for the time being I simply lacked breath to express my thanks. The young man could see I was pretty well done up. He hurried down to the spring for a pail of fresh water and brought it over to me. He unharnessed the horses; resaddled his; and walked down to the creek. I could see him there, washing himself in the cool, clean water. I noticed that often he stood up and glanced away down the valley road. Very evidently he was nervous. He walked back to where I sat and stood looking down at me.

"Good-by," he said at last. "I think you'll find things quite safe now."

He turned and mounted his horse with one quick spring.

"Wait a minute," I suggested, still panting, "surely after saving my home you might be willing to stay and have dinner with me. And what's more, whenever any person splits up my woodpile I always like to say 'thank you' in some manner."

"Do you really want me to stay?" he asked seriously, entirely ignoring my dig about the wood. "Some girls might be afraid; you know I might be a bandit or something like that."

"Quite right," I agreed, "you may be most anything. But while I'll admit I'm an exceedingly poor fire guardian, I've always flattered myself that I can pick

a gentleman on sight. Do stay, please."

The man flushed, and mirrored in his brown eyes I could see his quick pleasure. I felt that my words had been kindly received.

"Thank you," he said simply, "you are very good. I am almost persuaded to——"

Suddenly he stopped and peered down the valley road. He pulled out a pair of field glasses and focused them. I could see his smile disappear, and a hard desperate look come in its place. I have seen the same expression on prisoners' faces when the evidence at court was going strongly against them: it is not a pleasant look. He turned to me, and his voice was as bitter as his face.

"You are expecting visitors," he sneered, "is that the reason you wanted me to stay?"

I stared at him blankly, and my expression must have carried proof of my innocence.

"Excuse me, lady," he said more gently. "I'm sorry; I didn't mean that; I know you're all right. But visitors are coming, and I must go. If you really wish to be kind, just forget I was here, will you? Good-by."

He clucked to his horse and sped away. I watched the road he chose. It led to a canyon in the wildest part of "The Bad Lands."

Fifteen or twenty minutes later dad and another man arrived. I went inside and washed off most of the smoky grime. Both men were much excited; they could see at a glance how close had been my escape.

"Heavens! Norah," dad exclaimed, "but I'm wonderfully glad to find the buildings standing and you unhurt. We saw the smoke of the fire from away back near Creston and pushed our horses to the limit. I never dreamed of its getting so dry here, or I'd have come over two weeks ago and hunted up some one to make things safe for you. And did you plow the guard yourself, in the face of that fire, with those two little ponies?"

I saw the other man watching me closely.

"Yes," I lied, quite calmly, "it's surprising what a person can do when you just have to."

"Indeed it is, Norah," dad said, "and I'm proud of you. But excuse me. I never introduced Mr. Wharton—the new sheriff of Chico County."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Wharton," I said, getting up and extending my hand, "and might I ask why Sunset Valley is thus being honored by the visit of the law?"

I'm sure he didn't like the teasing way I spoke.

"Sunset Valley," he said tersely, "is O. K. as far as I know. But Sunset Valley is the front door to 'The Bad Lands,' and we have strong reason to believe that some very much wanted citizens of Chico County are hiding in this vicinity. I don't suppose you have seen any of these outlaws, have you, Miss?"

I felt the man's keen eyes searching my face.

"Me—see any outlaws—Heaven forbid! I haven't; and I don't want to," I exclaimed.

The sheriff laughed, but from the way he looked I knew I had displeased him again.

"Oh, Norah's all right," dad said, "only she's too human to be a good judge or a good sheriff. She tempers justice with mercy, you know; and interprets the criminal code with her heart instead of her head."

The subject was unpleasant to me; we dismissed it and talked of other things. I got up in a few minutes to start dinner, and Mr. Wharton went out to look after their horses. Dad also went out, but he stayed near the house. Thru the open door I could see him gravely surveying my nice, new woodpile. He leaned over once and picked something out of the grass. He came in shortly after and sat down near me.

"Norah," he said finally, "if you're the least bit afraid to stay here alone I want you to pack up and come in with us this afternoon. Williams from the Creston store can come over after the stock and look after them until I can get over here myself or hunt up a man. I firmly believe that some day the A. P. Railroad is going to want this valley—and want it bad—for a short cut thru to Danesville, but if things have narrowed down to such a point that it's a choice between your safety and a few thousand dollars, why then, there really is no question at all.

"The sheriff wasn't trying to scare you, either, with idle talk of bandits. These hills around here are supposed to be a rendezvous for at least three bad men: Black Pete and his pal, train-wreckers, cattle rustlers, and a young fellow from High River, one Tom Redmond. This last chap broke out of Chico City jail one night about three weeks ago; stole a horse, and made good his escape. Wharton has traced him to the hills, and seems to be positive that he has joined forces with Black Pete. I don't know, I hope not."

"Tom Redmond," I asked casually, "who is he, and what did he do?"

"A very peculiar case," dad said. "As far as the law is concerned it's supposed to be quite finished, but personally I think most of the real facts are still hidden. The family has been living at High River for a good many years; I had an idea that you might know them. The father died several years ago; and the mother has been quite poor since that sad event. This Tom, and a younger brother Jim, are the only children. Both of the boys got work in their home town, in Patterson's Private Bank.

"About three months ago the bank auditors discovered a big shortage in the firm's accounts. At the precise moment when they reached this alarming conclusion both of the Redmond boys were out to dinner. The auditors called in old Dan Patterson from his private office, and he told them to wait until the boys came back for the afternoon, and they could demand explanations. This idea was all very good except for one thing; the boys didn't come back. Quite evidently they had guessed very closely the exposure to come.

"Old Dan called in his lawyer and an officer, and the men hurried out to the Redmond home. In the front room, all crumpled up in a big chair, was the body of the old mother. She had only been dead a very few minutes. Heart failure, the doctor said, when he came; heart broken, I should have said. Both young men had gone; I believe the mother died

SOMEHOW OR OTHER

Somehow or other, I believe
We're paid about what we should receive,
For what Life sets on the credit side
To the debtor Death is not denied,
And Some One sets the balance right
With seven stars for His candle light. . . .
I'll not much care for anything
When it comes to that final reckoning.

Somehow or other, I believe
There is utter rest for hearts that grieve,
And Peace with a cool green coverlet
Will tuck us in when the time is set,
On a little hill, and we shall not miss
The toys of day for her good-night kiss,
And Love will come like a weary thing
Home at last from his wandering.

Somehow or other, I believe
There's a Plan beneath that we don't perceive,
For a thought that's low or a life that's foul
Set their sign in belly or jowl,
And little faith or a withered soul
Will weazen a face like a shriveled scroll. . . .
Travel the path that the doubters trod,
But find at the end of the journey—God.

Somehow or other, I believe.
He is strong like a brother to relieve;
And when I'm gone like a puff of wind,
The good I've done, and the evil sinned,
The hopes I've lost, and the soul I've made,
The loves I've known, and the prayers I've prayed,
Will seem like a strangely futile thing
In the light of His face at the balancing.

—WILLARD WATTLES.

affair that make the whole thing difficult to understand. Tom had always been considered a very good and entirely reliable young man, rather an idealistic chap, in fact. Young Jim was the scapegrace, mostly, I think, because his mother insisted on spoiling him. Where Jim is now no one seems to know. Some of the busy-tongued women of the town insist that Tom took the poor boy off somewhere and murdered him; others are sure that he has gone to war. When I asked Tom where his brother was he looked me straight in the eye and denied all knowledge of his whereabouts. I'm sorry for Tom, honestly sorry, and just between ourselves I'm not half as anxious to see him recaptured as Sheriff Wharton seems to be.

"By the way, Norah, you're getting to be right handy with the ax, aren't you? Very nice pile of wood you have out there. And say, Norah, when did you start to smoke cigarettes?"

He passed me over that which he had picked up from the grass—a package of cigarette papers. I threw them in the drawer of the kitchen table.

"I only indulge very, very occasionally," I said, carelessly shrugging my shoulders. "As for the wood, 'practice makes perfect,' you know, even ax swinging can be learned in time."

Dad got up from his chair, marched over, and gave me a kiss.

"Norah," he said, slowly and quite irrelevantly, "I'm a candidate for the Oyster Club; you're a good girl, and a brave one. But there's one thing, my girl, please don't antagonize Mr. Wharton. He's a good man, honestly trying to do his duty. He has bought a big, new motor car, and he tells me he expects to cover his territory far more thoroly than his predecessors have. Very likely you will see him often; he seems quite convinced that the men he wants are in this vicinity. Use your head, Norah, as well as your heart."

"You bet I will, dad," I said, kissing him in return, but the sheriff came in then, and we changed to other topics.

Well, of course I refused to go back home with dad. Sheriff Wharton seemed rather surprised. I rather think he expected me to shriek and run to mother as soon as he mentioned bandits. I believe my refusal made him suspicious again; I saw him nosing around outside, looking at my woodpile, and examining the furrows of the fireguard. Luckily the ground was so dry that my friend in need had left no footprints as he followed the plow. Whether the sheriff discovered anything or not, he said good-by very politely as he and dad rode away.

And the next morning I was lonesome. So many callers in one day, and so much excitement, had spoiled me for the more usual uneventfulness of Sunset Valley. I rather hoped the young man with the brown eyes would put in an appearance, but in this hope I was disappointed. I was left entirely alone for five whole days. Friday afternoon I hauled in some more dry poles, and stacked them up near the back door.

Saturday morning I hitched up the ponies and drove away toward town. I went only about three miles, turned around, and came home again. No, I was not crazy; as the men say, I was just playing a hunch. I hadn't liked the solemn way in which Sheriff Wharton had inspected my woodpile, and I had other reasons. One of them, at least, was good. I drove up behind the barn, tied the ponies to the corral fence, and walked quietly up the path to the house.

My fire-fighting friend was there, busy at the woodpile. He had his coat off, and he was making the chips fly with a vengeance. And what's more he was whistling, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." It was my favorite song, and I could have kissed him for the sweet way he whistled it. I went right up, close behind him.

"Young man," I said, "you are a very careless person." Goodness! You should have seen how quickly he turned. And when he faced me he wasn't holding a mere ax, either; he had two very healthy looking guns. I rather expected to be shot, but he put the cannon out of sight, and had the grace to blush.

"I'm it," he said, "caught red handed. I was watching you thru my glasses, and supposed you'd gone to town as usual. What's the idea, anyway? Did you decide I was a bad, bold bandit and might elope with the cow or something?"

"No," I said judiciously, sitting down near him, "I presume it's silly, but somehow I never could be afraid of a man who whistles love songs as nicely as you do. By the way, where's your horse?"

The young man stared.

"He's hidden in the brush. Why?"

"I'll tell you just why. Last Sunday after you'd run away with yourself Sheriff Wharton and my dad paid me a call. The worthy sheriff has very definite ideas regarding the present addresses of three fugitives from the law. These friends of his include Black Pete and a pal—a pair of real, honest-to-goodness cutthroats, and a young man who broke jail at Chico City—one Tom Redmond."

I saw the young man's face whiten under its coat of tan, and almost instinctively his hands strayed again toward his holstered guns.

"And what else?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Don't get excited," I said, "it's not at all necessary to flourish artillery in talking things over with a lady homesteader. The reason I came back was to tell you that Sheriff Wharton seemed unduly interested in my woodpile. He asked me where I got the dry poles, and who sharpened my ax, and a lot of other questions that were really none of his business. Now just between friends, I am a perfect dub with an ax; I never can hit one of those sticks in the same place twice. I just hate the job, and since you seem to like it, I thought it only fair for me to come back and watch while you finished the job. Now, are you satisfied, sir, or do you still regard me as Slinking Sarah, The Secret Sleuth?"

To my great surprise the young man dropped the ax and strode over in front of me. He pulled off his hat, and a whole glory of twisted brown curls was exposed to the light, and to me. I just dote on nice hair.

"Miss Nora Prentiss," he said earnestly, "if you don't mind shaking hands with a thief I shall feel highly honored. You're a real, true, square lady, and the Lord and you willing, some day I'll tell you the rest of it."

I was pleased. I put out my hand and took his, and I didn't feel the least bit sniffy or condescending. And as we stood there, solemnly shaking, that hunch of mine came to life again. I looked past and over my friend down the trail to town. A half mile away was a swirling cloud of dust, and it was coming like a streak.

"Some one's coming," I gasped, "and like the wind. Oh! what will we do?"

The young man jerked out his guns. He started for the creek, stooping low, and dodging from shelter to shelter.

"Go in the house," he snarled, "it's me for the brush, and a scrap; they'll not take me alive—to h—l with their jails!"

"Don't!" I shrieked. "Don't—for God's sake, Tom. Don't pile bloodshed on top of your other troubles. There's a cellar hole under the shack; I'll hide you there."

I grabbed up the coat that he had forgotten, and ran for the house. He was there before me. I threw back the rag rug that covered the cellar door and pulled away the boards. Tom dropped down out of sight. I had barely time to get things in place again when there came a loud, insistent knock. I darted into my bedroom and threw myself on the bed. Again came the knock, and I heard the voices of impatient men. Quickly I tied a large handkerchief around my temples.

"Come in," I called impatiently, "whoever you are."

I heard the outer door open and some one tramped roughly in. I got up from the bed and went over to the bedroom door. Sheriff Wharton and two men, dusty and travel stained, stood there. I looked at them in apparent surprise.

after they left. Pinned on a towel hanging in Tom's room was a short note:

"'Gentlemen: Jim and I are going away. Don't bother following us; it will only be a waste of time and money. Don't bother about Jim in any case; I'm the man you want. I will come back in a few weeks to take my medicine.

"'TOM REDMOND.'

"It was Tom's hand, no mistake about that. And would you believe it, old Dan Patterson had so much confidence in that young man's word, even after he was a self-confessed thief, that he refused to let the trailers of the law act in any capacity. He made good the stolen funds out of his own pocket, and the matter rested there.

"About two months later Tom walked into court one day when it was in session. Without any fuss or feathers he announced to me, and to the public in general, that he was guilty of misusing the funds of Patterson's Bank, and stood ready to receive his sentence. There was no escape from judgment. I hated to handle the case at all, and that's gospel truth, but when a young man tells me straight out that he is a thief my hands are tied by the letter of the law.

"I gave him the easiest term that I could legally do, and he was taken for the night to our local jail. And the next morning I realized that the young man wanted only the brand of the criminal and not the enforced confinement of the prison. He broke out that very night, borrowed or stole a horse—a good one, by the way; it belongs to Dan Patterson—and disappeared for the second time.

"There are some other phases to this

"Oh! it's you," I said languidly. "Hello, sheriff, what's all the excitement? Can't a poor girl have a headache in peace on her own homestead?"

"Sorry, Miss Prentiss," said the sheriff, and I could read the keen disappointment in his voice. "I thought you would be in town today."

"If I'd gone to town you would have met me. Why talk foolish?"

"Not necessarily," he snapped; "we came up the trail from Chico City; we only hit your private road at the mouth of the valley. But that is neither here nor there. Who's been here splitting your wood? Some one has, I know; we found a sack of tobacco lying just outside the door."

That's what I got for carrying a man's coat upside down; I guessed that much the minute he spoke.

"Heavens!" I groaned, "discovered at last. Sheriff Wharton, if you'll look in the drawer of that table there you will find the other material necessary for the manufacture of dream sticks. And if you want to bother rolling me one I'll light up and show you who the owner is of that tobacco you just found. This has been one of my sacred secrets; but nothing is safe from the sleuths of the law, is it? Don't tell the folks, please; they might find time to be shocked."

The sheriff opened the drawer and held up the small pad of papers.

"D—n!" he said explosively.

I could see the two deputies exchanging glances. I knew they wanted to laugh, but didn't dare to, because of the black looks of their chief.

"Come, men," Wharton ordered suddenly, "it seems we've struck a snag again."

I followed them over to the door, holding my head in my hands. The sheriff turned for a parting question.

"Didn't you tell me you always went to town on Saturdays?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said, "and I started today. But if I get a headache and come home again, surely I don't violate any laws, do I?"

"I don't know—yet!" he said, and climbed into the car.

"Come again," I said, "when my head feels better."

"We're going to," Wharton snapped back, "you better keep your eyes open and don't smoke too much."

The motor roared, and they disappeared down the trail in a storm of dust.

I watched until I felt certain the men had gone. Then I rolled away the rug and lifted the boards.

"Come on up, Mr. Man," I said, half laughing, "and show me how to roll a cigarette. Some day the sheriff will want more evidence, and I always like to make good my bluffs."

"My dear girl," he chided, "isn't it enough for me to be a criminal—a fugitive from the law—without dragging the judge's daughter along as an accomplice? What would your father say?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I answered; "father is the best man I ever knew at keeping his mouth shut. Besides, I'm twenty-one and boss on this farm. Another thing, I don't like that sheriff man; he looks at me like I am guilty of a crime, and he says simple things that somehow seem to mean a whole lot. And before we get off the topic, how do you know who my father is?"

The rude boy laughed in my face, bold and saucy as a magpie.

"If I wanted to come back at you," he said, "I might ask you why you called me Tom just before the sheriff came?"

So after all that pretending we worked around to facts.

"It's no use, Norah," he said solemnly, "we wont dodge around the truth any more. Do you remember that time our High School Literary Club came over to Chico City for a series of debates? And you were on the reception committee, and your father was one of the judges. And you and I got pretty well acquainted, and somehow we sort of liked each other, and we promised—well, made boy and girl promises, and —but surely you remember, Norah?"

"Yes," I said, bravely enough, and trying hard to get the silly wiggle out of my voice, "I remember, all right. I can even remember the name of the best debate of the series—'Resolved, that the acquisition of great wealth is usually accompanied by the loss of the finer ideals of life.' You were on the affirmative of that question, and you made such wonderful arguments, and your side won. That night at supper dad spoke of you as a very promising young man, and I was so proud of you, and so glad that you and I had promised to be friends.

"That was but yesterday, Tom, and here you are today, a bandit, hiding in the hills like a slinking coyote. Already I have perjured myself to help you escape the long arm of prison. Oh, Tom! Tom! You're not guilty, are you? Tell me you're not guilty."

I don't really know what answer I expected, but certainly I did not expect the one I got. He laughed harshly, and the bitterest look I ever saw on a man's face grew and deepened on his.

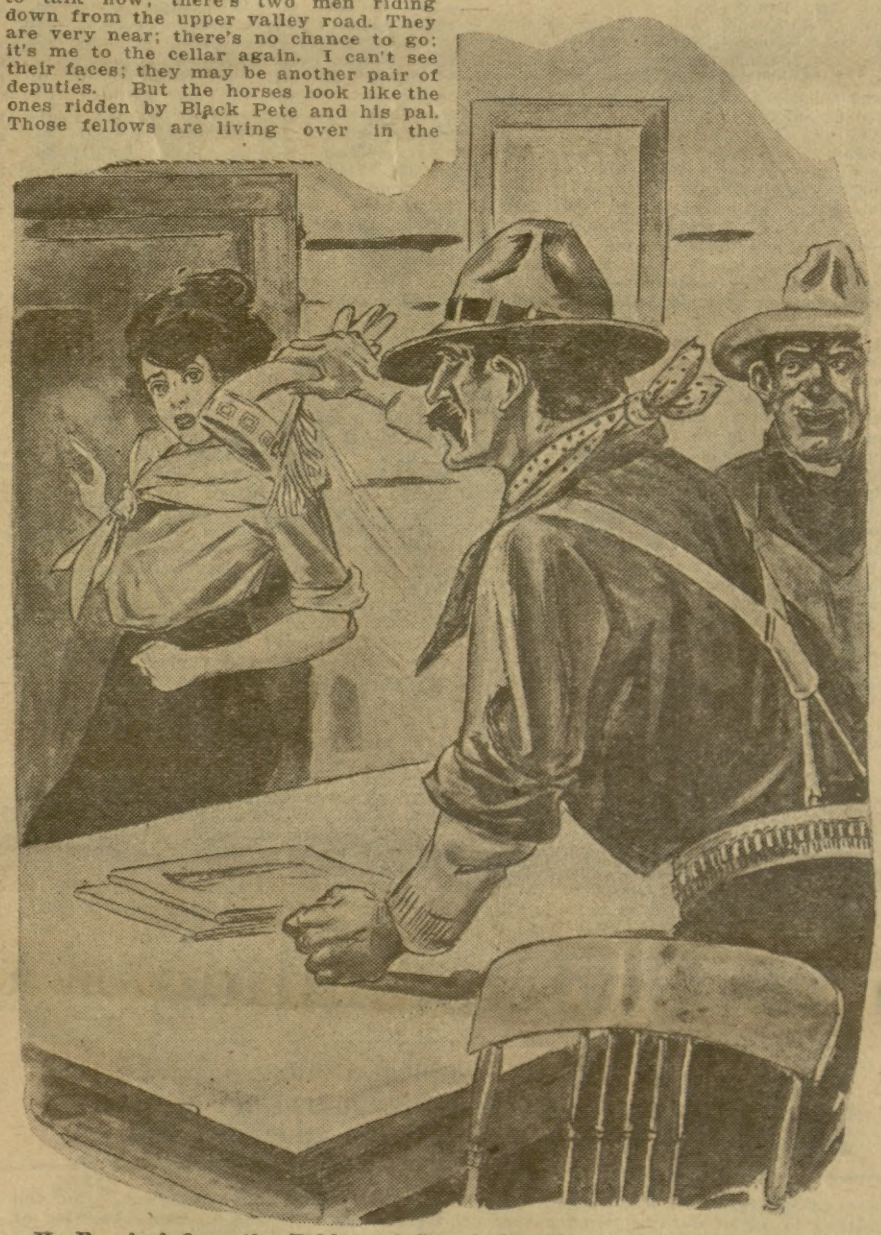
"Guilty," he said, "of course I'm guilty—guilty as hell. Haven't I always been a wolf in sheep's garments; a sinner in the mask of a saint; a liar, a thief and a hypocrite?"

But this was too much for me to stand.

"No," I said wildly, "you haven't been, and you know it. You didn't take that money; you know; dad knows; I know; the guilty man knows, too, but I don't know where he is or who he is. I don't care if you did plead guilty, and break jail, and borrow another man's horse to escape. Tell me the truth, Tom! I'm sick of lies."

I believe I did get thru the false skin of pride that was holding us apart. But I'm sorry to say that right at this moment I broke down myself. I tumbled over on the table and started to cry like a big baby. I heard Tom move over to the door. I was disappointed; it would have seemed more human of him to have stayed and comforted me. But the next instant I felt his lips close to my ear. He had come so silently I had not heard his step. He kissed me once, very, very softly. His voice was so low it was but a whisper.

"Norah," he breathed, "I've no time to talk now; there's two men riding down from the upper valley road. They are very near; there's no chance to go; it's me to the cellar again. I can't see their faces; they may be another pair of deputies. But the horses look like the ones ridden by Black Pete and his pal. Those fellows are living over in the hills, not far from my cave. I think they know I'm wanted, too; at least they haven't bothered to hide from me. Open that door, Norah, and drop me in the hole again. Don't be afraid; I'll come out if you need me."



He Reached Over the Table and Struck Me Sharply With His Glove.

I stopped crying and got Tom out of sight.

"I won't say a word, Tom, unless I need you; but if I do call, come, and come quickly," I said.

I sat down and dried my eyes. I wasn't really afraid, but I had a notion that Sunset Valley homestead was due for a storm. When my door flew open suddenly that little notion grew into a big one; gentlemen do not open strange doors without knocking. I had never seen this Black Pete, but I had heard of him often. I knew him instantly. His hair, eyes, mustache were almost as black and shiny as virgin coal; his skin was tanned so deeply it was hard to tell that he was a white man at first glance. His heart, by all accounts, was in full accord with the physical characteristics that had given him his name. Only his teeth were white, and the smile that exposed them was full of evil.

"Ah!" he said, looking toward his pal—a short, squat, ugly brute, evidently powerful in everything but intellect, "the lady of the house awaits our coming with tears. It is well; all the more am I convinced of her guilt, eh, Joe?"

I put my fears aside and stood up before the man.

"Say, mister," I demanded, "who are you, and what do you want? This is my house, understand? Beat it, now, or I'll set the dog on you."

"Yes," said Pete, "that would be too bad—bad for the dog, and you."

The pal fellow grinned, a horrible, silent, mirthless grin, exposing rows of rat-like teeth, hideously discolored.

"Look here, lady," Pete said, and his voice was hard, "you may think you're d—n smart, and sweet and lovely, but I'm telling you there ain't no female hatched by God or devil that can slip anything over Black Pete. Understand that—eh?"

"No," I said, bravely enough, but with little tremors chasing up and down my spine, "I understand nothing; I don't know what you are talking about."

Black Pete sneered. His chair was directly in front of mine, but the table was between. Loose in his hands he held a pair of gloves—long, stringy gauntlets, such as the Mexicans love. He leaned forward suddenly, reached over the table, and struck me sharply across the face. It really didn't hurt much, but it made me mad.

"You lie," he snarled. "Have I not seen with my own eyes the sheriff man from Chico City come to this place twice within a week? Last Sunday he was here, with an old graybeard; and today, only a few minutes ago, he, with deputy men, was here in a motor car. And do you think we have not seen the young man who claims to be afraid of the law and hides near us in the hills? Bah! you she talebearer, 'tis as plain as day; this young lover of yours flees from the law he serves; learns the hiding places of Black Pete and his men; reports to you, and you to the police.

"But me—Black Pete, I snap my fingers at the lot of you. We will attend to that pup who serves you; his flesh will be food for the yapping wolves, and his bones will whiten in the lost canyons of 'The Bad Lands.' And you—Bah! when we finish with your body even a Mexican will sneer at the thing Black Pete casts away. I will take a little kiss now, dear one, just as a sample of the rich feast of tonight."

He started to rise, but dropped back again at my lifted hand. When Black Pete had struck me in the face I had known in a flash that my plight was, indeed, a dangerous one. The lying words he uttered added but little to the insult of the blow; I knew he was but trying to taunt me into flight. Then the excuse to seize me would be at hand. How I wished for one of Tom's guns! But then, maybe I was better off without one; I knew both men before me were as quick as light on the draw, and more deadly than a diamond back. I resolved to keep cool, to deal Fate's cards from my own hands. My heart was beating tumultuously, but my voice, when I spoke, was almost natural.

"Black Pete," I began, sarcastically, "you're a brave man, a brave man, and a gentleman. You come unasked in a strange house, and slap an unarmed woman in the face, and call her foul names. Have a care, Black Pete, that you do not go too far. I am not powerless yet. I have but to call loudly—'Come,' and death will strike you down as you sit."

Purposely I had spoken as loudly and as distinctly as possible. I wanted Tom to hear, and to understand. Pete's words had been so rapid, and the tone so low that I doubted if Tom had heard all. But I did know that if he had heard even a small part he would be wild, boiling mad—ready for my call. My slow, even words had exactly the effect on Black Pete that I had hoped for. He fidgeted nervously, not knowing whether I was merely bluffing, or if help was near at hand. Suddenly he spied the sack of tobacco that Sheriff Wharton had brought in and left on the table.

"D—n!" he said, and quicker than my eyes could follow his two guns leaped into his hands. "Joe," he sneered, "here is tobacco; maybe the young sneak from the hills is hiding here in the house. Look in the lady's bedroom; no doubt the gentleman will be well acquainted with that part of the house."

I could feel the hot blood surge thru my veins at the evil, brutal words, and then in a flash I grew entirely cool. I knew that things far more vital than life itself hinged on the outcome of the next few minutes. The one called "Joe" tiptoed to the door of my bedroom. In his right hand he clutched his gun. The bedroom door swung out into the living-room in which we sat. It was not more than six feet from my chair.

I knew the bedroom would be dark. It had only one small window, perhaps two feet square; I kept this shaded in warm weather to keep out the heat and the flies. No one could clearly see the room as long as this blind was in place. To tear off the blind it would be necessary to enter the room.

Black Pete sat as if expectant of trouble, eying first me and then Joe. Toying with his guns he reminded me of a big, thick rattlesnake—and yet worse, for he would gladly strike without a warning. Joe stepped to the side of the room. He reached for the bedroom door and swung it suddenly open. Everything was quiet—no one or nothing in sight. But the room was dim; there were corners and various hiding places. Joe paused uncertainly, waiting for his master to speak.

"Go on in, Joe," Black Pete ordered. "look it over. The pup may be hiding under the bed."

Joe disappeared into the room.

"Tom!" I shrieked. "Come!"

I waited just long enough to see the floor under Pete's chair heaving up as tho a small but energetic volcano had suddenly decided to go to work. While trying to watch both Joe and me to the best advantage Black Pete had moved his chair back a foot or so. It was better so for Tom and me, but very unfortunate for Pete. The uprising floor sent chair and man crashing backward on the floor. Both of Pete's guns discharged, and then one of them jolted from his grasp and hurtled across the room. I saw Tom's head and shoulders pop up, for all the world like an overgrown jumping-jack well supplied with springs. I had work of my own to do; I stayed to see no more.

I leaped for my bedroom door and slammed it shut. Some weeks before I had equipped this door with a hasp and staple. Western hospitality decreed that the outer door should be left unlocked, but I did like to fasten up some of my more personal belongings. I snapped the hasp, but not a second too soon. The man inside hit the door like a catapult. Very evidently he intended to get out and get out in a hurry.

Behind me raged a storm of primeval combat; I was afraid to look. I could hear grunts, groans, curses, and the crash of breaking furniture. A revolver banged, twice; my big window fell out with a tinkle of broken glass. The acid tang of powder smoke filled the room.

I reached down and grabbed up the gun Black Pete had lost. My prisoner, Joe, was a powerful man; the frail door that separated us was shivering and cracking into fragments. It broke at last, and Joe fell into the room where I waited for him. While he gathered his wits I pushed the gun I held close to his body and pressed the trigger.

In no sense of the word am I a wild, rough-rider sort of person. I like silk petticoats, pretty dresses, candy and ice cream just as dearly as other girls. Until the moment when I shot that revolver I had never pulled the trigger of a gun in my life.

After the shooting down of the squat man I was quite useless for several minutes. I did not faint; I never got far enough East to learn how to accomplish that feat gracefully; but I did rather lose my grip on things. But after a good, vigorous cry I got up from the floor almost ready for another round of hostilities, if such became necessary. My victim lay as he had fallen, all sprawled out like a huge and ugly spider. He groaned occasionally, so I

knew that he was not dead; I was glad he wasn't.

In the other end of the room the battle was nearly over. Black Pete lay flat on the floor with Tom on top of him. Both men's clothes were little more than strips of rags; their faces were torn and blood-smeared. I ran to Tom, but to me or my words he paid not the slightest heed. His eyes were following his hands, and his hands were sunk in the swollen throat of Black Pete.

"D—n you," he muttered thickly, "you called Norah dirty names, and I threw away my gun and licked you barehanded. Take it back, you black-souled beast, or I'll choke you straight into hell. D—n you, anyhow; killing's too good for you. Take it back, I say; take it back."

"Tom," I begged, clutching him by the shoulders, "don't kill him—don't! We've won the fight, Tom; you and I have won." But he ignored me utterly; he shook off my grasping hands and the blood from his eyes and went on with his monotonous singsong of death.

"Take it back, you black liar. D—n you, take it back."

It seemed like a wild dream; I thought I should go mad. I implored Tom; I ordered him; I pulled at his hands, and tugged at his body. All to no avail; as well might I have tried to calm with my voice the swift trade winds that swept the barren hills of the "Bad Lands.' And then all at once it was over. Tom's voice ran off into silence; his eyes closed; his hands loosed their bulldog grip on the other's throat and his big, tired body lay senseless, motionless, covering his half-dead adversary.

I am sure I don't know what else might have happened. There I was, a girl, fifteen miles from the nearest railroad, and with three wounded men on my hands. But before the sorry mess had time to soak well into my dazed brain I heard the thrumming beat of a motor car; and this time I was glad it came.

I had worked over Tom until my clothes were almost as bloody as he was himself—my hands, too. I ran to the door and flung it open. Sheriff Wharton and four men were hurrying toward the house. I noticed very casually that one of the men was dad. As the men caught sight of me in my horrid clothes I could see the looks of horrified amazement that swept over their faces. They ran more swiftly towards me.

Away up the valley the sun had just gone down. I could see the exact spot where he had taken refuge for the night; the colors were still magnificent. I suddenly felt very silly; I waved my hand toward the painted panorama of the sky.

"Welcome, gentlemen," I croaked, "welcome—to the quiet peace of Sunset Valley."

And that's all I remember for that day.

When I woke again the sun was shining in my window. I turned over in my bed and looked up into dad's face and old Dr. Harris', our family physician.

"Hello, folks," I said. "Goodness! I'm as hungry as Rip Van Winkle."

I could see both men were wonderfully relieved.

"There, I told you, Judge," the doctor said. "I knew Miss Norah would be as fit as a fiddle as soon as her body, nerves and brain had a chance to get rested up. Any girl who went thru yesterday afternoon's excitement had a perfect license to sleep twelve hours. You be nurse, now, Judge; I'll run along out to our other patient."

"Dad," I said, after the doctor had gone, "where are Black Pete and Joe?"

"Black Pete and Joe, my dear, thanks to you and your friend, won't cause any more trouble in this vicinity. They are on their way to the hospital, and from there they will be taken to the Federal prison for enough years to keep them out of mischief until they get old and helpless."

"Then Joe didn't die?" I asked. "I'm glad; you know—I—I——"

"Yes," dad said, "I know; no, he didn't die. And he won't, either, unless he dies of shame from being worsted by a girl. I'm proud of you, my dear; you're an honor to the family and the heroine of Chico County."

"Go on, dad," I said, "with all your blarney. No wonder mother says she just had to marry you. But say, dad——" I wasn't laughing now, I was very sober, "who is the other patient? Is it Tom?"

Dad nodded. I wanted to know more. I tried to keep my voice cool and quiet, but in spite of me it shook and wavered, "And will they soon take him away to prison, too, as soon as he is well enough to be moved?"

Dad smiled—the dearest, kindest smile; it ran all over his face in little wrinkles; somehow it made me feel better.

"I brought over some news about Tom last night, Norah dear; but I'm thinking Tom would like to tell you about that himself. This shack here being so small, the boys borrowed a tent over at Creston, when they went to meet the doctor, and we put it up down there in the shade along the creek. Tom is down there quite all right. The doctor wants you to take things easy for a few hours, but along towards evening you can go down and talk with Tom."

So I let it go at that.

About four o'clock Dr. Harris came bustling into the house. I was up, dressed, and feeling almost as fit as ever.

"All right, Miss Norah," the doctor said, reading the question in my face, "if you really want to play nurse run along now for an hour or so. Your father and I will contain ourselves on this end of the ranch."

I hurried down to the tent where Tom lay waiting. It was cool and quiet; only in the shrubbery along the creek some happy bird was singing. I went softly in. Tom was lying there on a cot, swathed in bandages like a mummy; but, in his eyes, I could read a message of welcome and a song of gladness.

"I am glad to see you, Norah," he said, "I thought that old doctor was going to putter around here all day, tying rags around my face, and rubbing things into the sore spots. How do you feel yourself?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Redmond," I said, and laughed. "Quite well, truly."

"Stop it," Tom said, severely, "if you call me mister again I shall turn over and die, and my blood will be on your hands; and you will see ghosts at night."

"Don't, Tom," I pleaded, "for pity sakes; I saw enough blood yesterday to satisfy me for life. But say, Tom, Black Pete and Joe are on their way to the prison, via the hospital, and dad said you could tell me something nice. What is it, please; I'm just dying to hear?"

I sat down close to the cot. Tom reached over and took one of my hands. I did not take it away; you know it is good nursing policy to humor a sick man as much as possible.

"It's a letter, Norah dear," he said at last, "a letter from my brother Jim to your father. It only came yesterday morning, and your father brought it with him for you to see. Jim is dead, Norah. Dead 'somewhere in France.' I am sorry, of course; but the last thing he did on earth has helped me out wonderfully. But still I do not want to call the letter merely 'nice;' it is more than that, far more. Read it aloud to me, will you, Norah dear?"

I took the envelope that he held out to me. It was as he had said; the censor's stamp told me the message came from across the sea, from the place of blood and battles. So I read aloud the last earthly testament of Jim Redmond, private soldier of the Canadian army:

"Judge Wm. Prentiss, Chico City.

"Your honor: I am writing this note quickly and with a thankful soul; quickly, because the doctor here has told me I have but a short time to live; in thankfulness, because I feel that even this short time is sufficient for me to right a grievous wrong. I have had no word from my brother, Tom, since I saw him last in Winnipeg, nor from Chico County since I left there. But altho I have had no word I know that long ere this Tom has gone back to Chico City and pleaded guilty to a crime that he did not commit. I had expected to get news from Chico County in some way, but three days after Tom left me there in barracks, I was included in an emergency draft, and twelve hours later we were on our way to England.

"But what I want to tell you is this: I took that money from Patterson's Bank at High River. Before God, Judge Prentiss, I swear that Tom is as innocent of that as you are. His only crime was in helping me to escape; and mother begged him to do that. Good old Tom, he said he would stand the blame—that I could take a new, fresh start.

"Poor mother, poor, dear mother. I wonder how she is standing the disgrace of one son lost, and the other in jail? Mother always loved me more than I was worth, but I guess a mother's love is all forgiving. I didn't want Tom to take the burden of my crime, but he and mother persuaded me it was the better way.

"I shouldn't have let them persuade me; but then, I always was more or less of a moral coward. That's the reason Tom came with me; I needed him to brace up my nerve until I was safe in the army. I felt that once there I might be shamed into being a man.

"I may be wrong, but somehow today I sort of think some of the qualities I've longed for all my life have become, at last, a part of me. I'm dying, Judge, a few minutes more and I'll just be one of the boys who has cashed in 'over here.' I'm not the least bit afraid, either, so I know it's not fear that has rubbed the yellow out of my soul. Judge, if I were back there in Chico City today I would walk right into your office, tell my story, and take my medicine like a fellow who's on the square should take it. That's the way I feel, and because I do is another reason why I'm feeling mighty thankful.

"I hope you will take the necessary steps to clear my brother's good name at once. Publish this letter, if you think it best, or use the information in any way you please. I will thank you now, and if possible I will come to you in spirit and thank you again.

"Give my love to my dear and noble brother, and may peace and happiness attend him, and you and yours, all the days of your lives.

"Very truly yours,

"JAMES R. REDMOND."

The letter was witnessed by Corporal O. L. Bingham and Captain R. J. Southbank, M. D.

When I finished reading I discovered that my eyes were wet; but they were tears of joy as well as sadness.

"Oh Tom," I murmured, "Jim is with your mother now, and they can be happy together. And you, too, can have your peace of mind, for this confession gives back to you an honorable place among men—the place you forfeited for his sake."

"I believe you're right, Norah dear," Tom said slowly, "for I'm proud of my brother today—something I haven't been for a long time. If it was written that he should die, I am glad he died with a clean heart."

For some minutes we sat without a word. Then Tom reached over and took my other hand. I wasn't using it; I let him keep it.

"Norah," he said, "did you ever think seriously of marrying?"

"Well, yes," I admitted, "sometimes. Why?"

Even thru the barrier of the many bandages I could see the happy grin that spread over Tom's face. He pulled me down until my lips were very, very close to his.

"Let's get married," he whispered—[illegible] lips touched his in answer to his question.

The Dawn of Understanding

By Robert W. Chambers

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The passing of time accomplishes all things. In this case, it effaced a tragic misunderstanding between a man and a woman who loved—and thought they had lost.

THE steady flicker of lightning in the southwest continued; the wind freshened, blowing in cooler streaks across acres of rattling rushes and dead marsh-grass. A dull light grew thru the scudding clouds, then faded as the mid-day sun went out in the smother, leaving an ominous red smear overhead.

Gun in hand, Haltren stood up among the reeds and inspected the landscape. Already the fish-crows and egrets were flying inland, the pelicans had left the sandbar, the eagles were gone from beach and dune. High in the thickening sky wild ducks passed over Flyover Point and dropped into the sheltered marshes among the cypress.

As Haltren stood undecided, watching the ruddy play of lightning, which came no nearer than the horizon, a squall struck the lagoon. Then, amid the immense solitude of marsh and water, a deep sound grew—the roar of the wind in the wilderness. The solemn paeon swelled and died away as thunder dies, leaving the air tremulous.

"I'd better get out of this," said Haltren to himself. He felt for the breech of his gun, unloaded both barrels, and slowly pocketed the cartridges.

Eastward, between the vast salt river and the ocean, the dunes were smoking like wind-lashed breakers; a heron, laboring heavily, flapped inland, broad pinions buffeting the gale.

"Something's due to happen," said Haltren, reflectively, closing the breech of his gun. He had hauled his boat up an alligator slide; now he shoved it off the same way, and pulling up his hip boots, waded out, laid his gun in the stern, threw cartridge sack and a dozen dead ducks after it, and embarked among the raft of wind-tossed wooden decoys.

There were two score decoys bobbing and tugging at their anchor cords outside the point. Before he had fished up a dozen on the blade of his oar a heavier squall struck the lagoon, blowing the boat out into the river. He had managed to paddle back and had secured another brace of decoys, when a violent gale caught him broadside, almost capsizing him.

"If I don't get those decoys now I never shall!" he muttered, doggedly jabbing about with extended oar. But he never got them; for at that moment a tropical hurricane, still in its infancy, began to develop, and when, blinded with spray, he managed to jam the oars into the oar-locks, his boat was half a mile out and still driving.

For a week the wind had piled the lagoons and lakes south of the Matanzas full of water, and now the waves sprang up, bursting into menacing shapes, knocking the boat about viciously. Haltren turned his unquiet eyes toward a streak of green water ahead.

"I don't suppose this cat's-paw is really trying to drive me out of Coquina Inlet!" he said, peevishly; "I don't suppose I'm being blown out to sea."

It was a stormy end for a day's pleasure—yet curiously appropriate, too, for it was the fourth anniversary of his wedding day; and the storm that followed had blown him out into the waste corners of the world.

Perhaps something of this idea came into his head; he laughed a disagreeable laugh and fell to rowing.

The red lightning still darted along the southern horizon, no nearer; the wilderness of water, of palm forests, of jungle, of dune, was bathed in a sickly light; overhead, oceans of clouds tore thru a somber sky.

After a while he understood that he was making no headway; then he saw that the storm was shaping his course. He dug his oars into the thick, gray waves; the wind tore the cap from his head, caught the boat and wrestled with it.

Somehow or other he must get the boat ashore before he came abreast of the inlet; otherwise——

He turned his head and stared at the whitecaps tumbling along the deadly raceway, and he almost dropped his oars in astonishment to see a gasoline launch battling for safety just north of the storm-swept channel. What was a launch doing in this forsaken end of the earth? And the next instant developed the answer. Out at sea, beyond the outer bar, a yacht, wallowing like a white whale, was staggering towards the open ocean.

He saw all this in a flash—saw the gray-green maelstrom between the dunes, the launch struggling across the inlet, the yacht plunging seaward. Then in the endless palm forests the roar deepened. Flash! Bang! Lightning and thunder were simultaneous.

"That's better," said Haltren, hanging to his oars; "there's a fighting chance now."

The rain came, beating the waves down, seemingly, for a moment, beating out the wind itself. In the partial silence the sharp explosions of the gasoline engine echoed like volleys of pistol shots; and Haltren half rose in his pitching boat and shouted: "Launch ahoy! Run under the lee shore. There's a hurricane coming! You haven't a second to lose!"

He heard somebody aboard the launch say, distinctly, "There's a Florida cracker alongside who says a hurricane is about due." The shrill roar of the rain drowned the voice. Haltren bent to his oars again. Then a young man in dripping white flannels looked out of the wheelhouse and hailed him. "We've grounded on the meadows twice. If you know the channel you'd better come aboard and take the wheel."

Haltren, already north of the inlet and within the zone of safety, rested on his oars a second and looked back, listening. Very far away he heard the deep whisper of death.

On board the launch the young man at the wheel heard it, too; and he hailed Haltren in a shaky voice: "I wouldn't ask you to come back, but there are women aboard. Can't you help us?"

"All right," said Haltren.

A horrible white glare broke out thru the haze; the solid vertical torrent of rain swayed, then slanted eastward.

A wave threw him alongside the launch; he scrambled over the low rail and ran forward, deafened by the din. A woman in oilskins hung to the companion-rail; he saw her white face as he passed, Haggard, staggering, he entered the wheelhouse, where the young man in dripping flannels seized his arm, calling him by name. Haltren pushed him aside.

"Give me that wheel, Darrow," he said, hoarsely. "Ring full speed ahead! Now stand clear——"

Like an explosion the white tornado burst, burying deck and wheelhouse in foam; a bellowing fury of tumbling waters enveloped the launch. Haltren hung to the wheel one second, two, five, ten; and at last thru the howling chaos his stunned ears caught the faint staccato spat! puff! spat! of the exhaust. Thirty seconds more—if the engines could stand it—if they only could stand it!

They stood it for thirty-three seconds and went to smash. A terrific squall, partly deflected from the forest, hurled the launch into the swamp, now all boiling in shallow foam; and there she stuck in the good, thick mud, heeled over and all awash like a stranded razorback after a freshet.

Twenty minutes later the sun came out; the waters of the lagoon turned sky blue; a delicate breeze from the southeast stirred the palmetto fronds.

Presently a cardinal-bird began singing in the sunshine.

Haltren, standing in the wrecked wheelhouse, raised his dazed eyes as

Darrow entered and looked around.

"So that was a white tornado! I've heard of them—but—good God!" He turned a bloodless visage to Haltren, who, dripping, bareheaded and silent, stood with eyes closed leaning heavily against the wheel.

"Are you hurt?"

Haltren shook his head. Darrow regarded him stupidly.

"How did you happen to be in this part of the world?"

Haltren opened his eyes. "Oh, I'm likely to be anywhere," he said, vaguely, passing a shaking hand across his face. There was a moment's silence; then he said:

"Darrow, is my wife aboard this boat?"

"Yes," said Darrow, under his breath. "Isn't that the limit?"

Thru the silence the cardinal sang steadily.

"Isn't that the limit?" repeated Darrow. "We came on the yacht—that was Brent's yacht, the Dione, you saw at sea. You know the people aboard. Brent, Mrs. Castle, your wife, and I left the others and took the launch to explore the lagoons. . . . And here we are. Isn't it funny?" he added, with a nerveless laugh.

Haltren stood there slowly passing his hand over his face.

"It is funnier than you know, Darrow," he said. "Kathleen and I—this is our wedding day."

"Well, that is the limit," muttered Darrow, as Haltren turned a stunned face to the sunshine where the little cardinal sang with might and main.

"Come below," he added. "You are going to speak to her, of course?"

"If she cared to have me——"

"Speak to her anyway. Haltren, I"—he hesitated—"I never knew why you and Kathleen separated. I only knew what everybody knows. You and she are four years older now; and if there's a ghost of a chance— Do you understand?"

Haltren nodded.

"Then we'll go below," began Darrow. But Major Brent appeared at that moment, apoplectic eyes popping from his purple face as he waddled forward to survey the dismantled launch.

Without noticing either Haltren or Darrow he tested the slippery angle of the deck, almost slid off into the lagoon, clutched the rail with both pudgy hands, and glared at the water.

"I suppose," he said, peevishly, "that there are alligators in that water. I know there are!"

He turned his inflamed eyes on Haltren, but made no sign of recognition.

"Major," said Darrow, sharply, "you remember Dick Haltren——"

"Eh?" snapped the major. "Where the deuce did you come from, Haltren?"

"He was the man who hailed us. He took the wheel," said Darrow, meaningly.

"Nice mess you made of it between you," retorted the major, scowling his acknowledgments at Haltren.

Darrow, disgusted, turned on his heel; Haltren laughed. The sound of his own laugh amused him, and he laughed again.

"I don't see the humor," said the major. "The Dione is blown half-way to the Bermudas by this time." He added, with a tragic gesture of his fat arms: "Are you aware that Mrs. Jack Onderdonk is aboard?"

The possible fate of Manhattan's queen regent so horrified Major Brent that his congested features assumed the expression of an alarmed tadpole.

But Haltren, the unaccustomed taste of mirth in his throat once more, stood there, dripping, disheveled, and laughing. For four years he had missed the life he had been bred to; he had missed even what he despised in it, and his life at moments had become a hell of isolation. Time dulled the edges of his loneliness; solitude, if it hurts, sometimes cures, too. But he was not yet cured of longing for that self-forbidden city in the North. He desired it—he desired the arid wilderness of its treeless streets, its incessant sounds, its restless energy; he desired its pleasures, its frivolous days and nights, its satiated security, its ennui. Its life had been his life, its people his people, and he longed for it with a desire that racked him.

"What the devil are you laughing at, Haltren?" asked the major, tartly.

"Was I laughing?" said the young man. "Well—now I will say good-by, Major Brent. Your yacht will steam in before night and send a boat for you; and I shall have my lagoons to myself again. . . . I have been here a long time. . . . I don't know why I laughed just now. There was, indeed, no reason." He turned and looked at the cabin skylights. "It's hard to realize that you and Darrow and—others—are here, and that there's a whole yacht-load of fellow-creatures—and Mrs. Van Onderdonk—wobbling about the Atlantic near by. Fashionable people have never before come here—even intelligent people rarely penetrate this wilderness. . . . I—I have a plantation a few miles below—oranges and things, you know." He hesitated, almost wistfully. "I don't suppose you and your guests would care to stop there for a few hours, if your yacht is late."

"No," said the major, "we don't care to."

"Perhaps Haltren will stay aboard the wreck with us until the Dione comes in," suggested Darrow.

"I dare say you have a camp hereabouts," said the major, staring at Haltren; no doubt you'd be more comfortable there."

"Thanks," said Haltren, pleasantly; "I have my camp a mile below." He offered his hand to Darrow, who, too angry to speak, nodded violently toward the cabin.

"How can I?" asked Haltren. "Good-by. And I'll say good-by to you, major——"

"Good-by," muttered the major, attempting to clasp his fat little hands behind his back.

Haltren, who had no idea of offering his hand, stood still a moment, glancing at the cabin skylights; then with a final nod to Darrow, he deliberately slid overboard and waded away, knee deep, toward the palm-fringed shore.

Darrow could not contain himself. "Major Brent," he said, "I suppose you don't realize that Haltren saved the lives of every soul aboard this launch."

The major's inflamed eyes popped out.

"Eh? What's that?"

"More than that," said Darrow, "he came back from safety to risk his life.

From the Landing Strolled a Girl, Paddle Poised Over One Shoulder.

As it was he lost his boat and his gun——"

"Damnation!" broke out the major; "you don't expect me to ask him to stay and meet the wife he deserted four years ago!"

And he waddled off to the engine-room, where the engineer and his assistant were tinkering at the wrecked engine.

Darrow went down into the sloppy cabin, where, on a couch, Mrs. Castle lay, ill from the shock of the recent catastrophe; and beside her stood an attractive girl stirring sweet spirits of ammonia in a tumbler.

Her eyes were fixed on the open port-hole. Thru that port-hole the lagoon was visible; so was Haltren, wading shoreward, a solitary figure against the fringed rampart of the wilderness.

"Is Mrs. Castle better?" asked Darrow.

"I think so; I think she is asleep," said the girl, calmly.

There was a pause; then Darrow took the tumbler and stirred the contents.

"Do you know who it was that got us out of that pickle?"

"Yes," she said; "my husband."

"I suppose you could hear what we said on deck."

There was no answer.

"Could you, Kathleen?"

"Yes."

Darrow stared into the tumbler, tasted the medicine, and frowned.

"Isn't there—isn't there a chance—a ghost of a chance?" he asked.

"I think not," she answered—"I am sure not. I shall never see him again."

"I meant for myself," said Darrow, deliberately, looking her full in the face.

She crimsoned to her temples, then her eyes flashed violent fire.

"Not the slightest," she said.

"Thanks," said Darrow, flippantly; "I only wanted to know."

"You know now, don't you?" she asked, a trifle excited, yet realizing instinctively that somehow she had been tricked. And yet, until that moment, she had believed Darrow to be her slave. He had been and was still; but she was not longer certain, and her uncertainty confused her.

"Do you mean to say that you have any human feeling left for that vagabond?" demanded Darrow. So earnest was he that his tanned face grew tense and white.

"I'll tell you," she said, breathlessly, "that from this moment I have no human feeling left for you! And I never had! I know it now; never! never! I had rather be the divorced wife of Jack Haltren than the wife of any man alive!"

The angry beauty of her young face was his reward; he turned away and climbed the companion. And in the shattered wheel-house he faced his own trouble, muttering: "I've done my best; I've tried to show the pluck he showed. He's got his chance now!" And he leaned heavily on the wheel, covering his eyes with his hands; for he was fiercely in love, and he had destroyed for a friend's sake all that he had ever hoped for.

But there was more to be done; he aroused himself presently and wandered around to the engine-room, where the major was prowling about, fussing and fuming and bullying his engineer.

"Major," said Darrow, guilelessly, "do you suppose Haltren's appearance has upset his wife?"

"Eh?" said the major. "No, I don't! I refuse to believe that a woman of Mrs. Haltren's sense and personal dignity could be upset by such a man! By gad! sir, if I thought it—for one instant, sir—for one second—I'd reason with her. I'd presume so far as to express my personal opinion of this fellow Haltren!"

"Perhaps I'd better speak to her," began Darrow.

"No, sir! Why the devil should you assume that liberty?" demanded Major Brent. "Allow me, sir; allow me! Mrs. Haltren is my guest!"

The major's long-latent jealousy of Darrow was now fully ablaze; purple, pop-eyed and puffing, he toddled down the companion on his errand of consolation. Darrow watched him go. "That settles him!" he said. Then he called the engineer over and bade him rig up and launch the portable canoe.

"Put one paddle in it, Johnson, and say to Mrs. Haltren that she had better paddle north, because a mile below there is a camp belonging to a man whom Major Brent and I do not wish to have her meet."

The grimy engineer hauled out the packet which, when put together, was warranted to become a full-fledged canoe.

"Lord! how she'll hate us all, even poor Johnson," murmured Darrow. "I don't know much about Kathleen Haltren, but if she doesn't paddle south I'll eat cotton-waste with oil-dressing for dinner!"

At that moment the major reappeared, toddling excitedly towards the stern.

"What on earth is the trouble?" asked Darrow. "Is there a pizen sarpint aboard?"

"Trouble!" stammered the major. "Who said there was any trouble? Don't be an ass, sir! Don't even look like an ass, sir! Damnation!"

And he trotted furiously into the engine-room.

Darrow climbed to the wheel-house once more, fished out a pair of binoculars, and fixed them on the inlet and the strip of Atlantic beyond.

"If the Dione isn't in by three o'clock, Haltren will have his chance," he murmured.

He was still inspecting the ocean and his watch alternately when Mrs. Haltren came on deck.

"Did you send me the canoe?" she asked, with cool unconcern.

"It's for anybody," he said, morosely. "Somebody ought to take a snap-shot of the scene of our disaster. If you don't want the canoe, I'll take it."

She had her camera in her hand; it was possible he had noticed it, altho he appeared to be very busy with his binoculars.

He was also rude enough to turn his back. She hesitated, looked up the lagoon and down the lagoon. She could only see half a mile south, because Flyover Point blocked the view.

"If Mrs. Castle is nervous you will be near the cabin?" she asked coldly.

"I'll be here," he said.

"And you may say to Major Brent," she added, "that he need not send me further orders by his engineer, and that I shall paddle wherever caprice invites me."

A few moments later a portable canoe glided out from under the stern of the launch. In it, lazily wielding the polished paddle, sat young Mrs. Haltren, bareheaded, barearmed, singing as sweetly as the little cardinal, who paused in sheer surprise at the loveliness of song and singer. Like a homing pigeon the canoe circled to take its bearings once, then glided away due south.

Blue was the sky and water; her eyes were bluer; white as the sands her bare arms glimmered. Was it a sunbeam caught entangled in her burnished hair, or a stray strand, that burned far on the water?

Darrow dropped his eyes; and when again he looked, the canoe had vanished behind the rushes of Flyover Point, and there was nothing moving on the water far as the eye could see.

About three o'clock that afternoon, the pigeon-toed Seminole Indian who followed Haltren, as a silent, dangerous dog follows its master, laid down the heavy pink cedar log which he had brought to the fire, and stood perfectly silent, nose up, slitted eyes almost closed.

Haltren's glance was a question. "Paddl'um boat," said the Indian, sullenly.

After a pause Haltren said, "I don't hear it, Tiger."

"Hunh!" grunted the Seminole. "Paddl'um d—n slow. Bime-by you hear."

And bime-by Haltren heard.

"Somebody is landing," he said.

The Indian folded his arms and stood bolt upright for a moment; then, "Hunh!" he muttered, disgusted. "Heap squaw. Tiger will go."

Haltren did not hear him; up the palmetto-choked trail from the landing strolled a girl, paddle poised over one shoulder, bright hair blowing. He rose to his feet; she saw him standing in the haze of the fire and made him a pretty gesture of recognition.

"I thought I'd call to pay my respects," she said. "How do you do? May I sit on this soap-box?"

Smiling, she laid the paddle on the ground and held out one hand as he stepped forward. They shook hands very civilly.

"That was a brave thing you did," she said. "Mes compliments, monsieur."

And that was all said about the wreck.

"It's not unlike an Adirondack camp," she suggested, looking around at the open-faced, palm-thatched shanty with its usual hangings of blankets and wet clothing, and its smoky, tin-pan bric-a-brac.

Her blue eyes swept all in rapid review—the guns leaning against the tree; the bunch of dead bluebill ducks hanging beyond; the improvised table and bench outside; the enormous mottled

rattlesnake skin tacked lengthways on a live oak.

"Are many of those about?" she inquired.

"Very few"—he waited to control the voice which did not sound much like his own—"very few rattlers yet. They come out later."

"That's amiable of them," she said, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

There was a pause.

"I hope you are well," he ventured.

"Perfectly—and thank you. I hope you are well, Jack."

"Thank you, Kathleen."

She picked up a chip of rose-colored cedar and sniffed it daintily.

"Like a lead-pencil, isn't it? Put that big log on the fire. The odor of burning cedar must be delicious."

He lifted the great log and laid it across the coals.

"Suppose we lunch?" she proposed, looking straight at the simmering coffee-pot.

"Would you really care to?" Then he raised his voice: "Tiger! Tiger! Where the dickens are you?" But Tiger, half a mile away, squatted sulkily on the lagoon's edge, fishing, and muttering to himself that there were too many white people in the forest for him.

"He won't come," said Haltren. "You know the Seminoles hate the whites, and consider themselves still unconquered. There is scarcely an instance on record of a Seminole attaching himself to one of us."

"But your tame Tiger appears to follow you."

"He's an exception."

"Perhaps you are an exception, too."

He looked up with a haggard smile, then bent over the fire and poked the ashes with a pointed palmetto stem. There were half a dozen sweet potatoes there, and a baked duck and an ashcake.

"Goodness!" she said; "if you knew how hungry I am you wouldn't be so deliberate. Where are the cups and spoons? Which is Tiger's? Well, you may use his."

The log table was set and the duck ready before Haltren could hunt up the jug of mineral water which Tiger had buried to keep cool.

When he came back with it from the shore he found her sitting at table with an exaggerated air of patience.

They both laughed a little; he took his seat opposite; she poured the coffee, and he dismembered the duck.

"You ought to be ashamed of that duck," she said. "The law is on now."

"I know it," he replied, "but necessity knows no law. I'm up here looking for wild orange stock, and I live on what I can get. Even the sacred, unbranded razor-back is fish for our net—with a fair chance of a shooting-scrape between us and a prowling cracker. If you will stay to dinner you may have roast wild boar."

"That alone is almost worth staying for, isn't it?" she asked, innocently.

There was a trifle more color in his sunburned face. She ate very little, tho protesting that her hunger shamed her; she sipped her coffee, blue eyes sometimes fixed on the tall palms and oaks overhead, sometimes on him.

"What was that great, winged shadow that passed across the table?" she exclaimed.

"A vulture; they are never far away."

"Ugh!" she shuddered; "always waiting for something to die! How can a man live here, knowing that?"

"I don't propose to die outdoors," said Haltren, laughing.

Again the huge shadow swept between them; she shrank back with a little gesture of repugnance. Perhaps she was thinking of her nearness to death in the inlet.

"Are there alligators here, too?" she asked.

"Yes; they run away from you."

"And moccasin snakes?"

"Some. They don't trouble a man who keeps his eyes open."

"A nice country you live in!" she said, disdainfully.

"It is one kind of country. There is good shooting."

"Anything else?"

"Sunshine all the year round. I have a house covered with scented things and buried in orange trees. It is very beautiful. A little lonely at times—one can't have Fifth avenue and pick one's own grape-fruit from the veranda, too."

A silence fell between them; thru the late afternoon stillness they heard the splash! splash! of leaping mullet in the lagoon. Suddenly a crimson-throated humming-bird whirred past, hung vibrating before a flowering creeper, then darted away.

"Spring is drifting northward," he said. "Tomorrow will be Easter Day."

She rose, saying, carelessly, "I was not thinking of tomorrow; I was thinking of today," and, walking across the cleared circle, she picked up her paddle. He followed her, and she looked around gayly, swinging the paddle to her shoulder.

"You said you were thinking of today," he stammered. "It—it is our anniversary."

She raised her eyebrows. "I am astonished that you remembered . . . I think that I ought to go. The Dione will be in before long——"

"We can hear her whistle when she steams in," he said.

"Are you actually inviting me to stay?" she laughed, seating herself on the soap-box once more.

They became very grave as he sat down on the ground at her feet, and, a silence threatening, she hastily filled it with a description of the yacht and Major Brent's guests. He listened, watching her intently. And after a while, having no more to say, she pretended to hear sounds resembling a distant yacht's whistle.

"It's the red-winged blackbirds in the reeds," he said. "Now will you let me say something—about the past?"

"It has buried itself," she said, under her breath.

"Tomorrow is Easter," he went on, slowly. "Can there be no resurrection for dead days as there is for Easter flowers? Winter is over; Easter morn will dawn on a world of blossoms. May I speak, Kathleen?"

"It is I who should speak," she said. "I meant to. It is this: Forgive me for all. I am sorry."

"I have nothing to forgive," he said. "I was a—a failure. I—I do not understand women."

"Nor I men. They are not what I understand. I don't mean the mob I've been bred to dance with—I understand them. But a real man—" she laughed, drearily—"I expected a god for a husband."

"I am sorry," he said; "I am horribly sorry. I have learned many things in four years. Kathleen, I—I don't know what to do."

"There is nothing to do, is there?"

"Your freedom——"

"I am free."

"I am afraid you will need more freedom than you have, some day."

She looked him full in the eyes. "Do you desire it?"

A faint sound fell upon the stillness of the forest; they listened; it came again from the distant sea.

"I think it is the yacht," she said.

They rose together; he took her paddle, and they walked down the jungle path to the landing. Her canoe and his spare boat lay there, floating close together.

"It will be an hour before a boat from the yacht reaches the wrecked launch," he said. "Will you wait in my boat?"

She bent her head and laid her hand in his, stepping lightly into the bow.

"Cast off and row me a little way," she said, leaning back in the stern. "Isn't this lagoon wonderful? See the color in water and sky. How green the forest is!—green as a young woodland in April. And the reeds are green and gold, and the west is all gold. Look at that great white bird—with wings like an angel's! What is that heavenly odor from the forest? Oh," she sighed, elbows on knees, "this is too delicious to be real!"

A moment later she began, irrelevantly: "Ethics! Ethics! who can teach them? One must know, and heed no teaching. All preconceived ideas may be wrong; I am quite sure I was wrong—sometimes." And again irrelevantly, "I was horribly intolerant once."

"Once you asked me a question," he said. "We separated because I refused to answer you."

She closed her eyes and the color flooded her face. "I shall never ask it again," she said.

But he went on: "I refused to reply. I was an ass; I had theories, too. They're gone, quite gone. I will answer you now, if you wish."

Her face burned. "No! No, don't—don't answer me; don't, I beg of you! I—I know now that even the gods——" She covered her face with her hands. The boat drifted rapidly on; it was flood-tide.

"Yes, even the gods," he said. "There is the answer. Now you know."

Overhead the sky grew pink; wedge after wedge of water-fowl swept thru the calm evening air, and their aerial whimpering rush sounded faintly over the water.

"Kathleen!"

She made no movement.

Far away a dull shock set the air vibrating. The Dione was saluting her castaways. The swift Southern night, robed in rose and violet, already veiled the forest; and the darkling water deepened into purple.

"Jack!"

He rose and crept to the stern where she was sitting. Her hands hung idly; her head was bent.

Into the purple dusk they drifted, he at her feet, close against her knees. Once she laid her hands on his shoulders, peering at him with wet eyes. And, with his lips pressed to her imprisoned hands, she slipped down into the boat beside him, crouching there, her face against his.

So, under the Southern stars, they drifted home together. The Dione fired guns and sent up rockets, which they neither heard nor saw; Major Brent toddled about the deck and his guests talked scandal; but what did they care!

Darrow, standing alone on the wrecked launch, stared at the stars and waited for the searchboat to return.

It was dawn when the truth broke upon Major Brent. It broke so suddenly that he fairly yelped as the Dione poked her white beak seaward. It was dawn, too, when a pigeon-toed Seminole Indian stood upon the veranda of a house which was covered with Easter blossoms. Silently he stood, inspecting the closed door; then warily stooped and picked up something lying on the veranda at his feet. It was a gold comb.

"Heap squaw," he said, deliberately. "Tiger will go."

But he never did.

The Golden Wedding

By Genevieve Lee

[Copyright.]

ALAN WARE was 20 and Mary Watson was 18 when they ran away to get married, because Mary's brother objected to the visits of his prospective brother-in-law.

Bruce Watson objected because his own life was soured. He was five years the senior of Mary, had inherited the family estate, had doubled and trebled it in two years and was a rich man. Then he ran across a beautiful but frivolous girl, who lured him on to love, and eloped with a circus actor, leaving Bruce the laughingstock of the town. From that moment Bruce Watson shut out of his heart all human sympathy. He was tyrannical with his sister and she submitted, except when it came to Alan Ware. She loved him devotedly and ran away with him to get married.

"I cast the unworthy creature out of

"They Shall Have a Real Golden Wedding If I Get Jugged for It."

my life forever!" pronounced Bruce, and he kept his word.

Thenceforth he interested himself no further in their doings than to coldly listen to a friend, who told him of the poor but happy truants, who had settled down on a little leased farm twenty miles distant.

The years went on. Bruce Watson became a recluse. He lived in a sumptuous manner, his gains increased, he had leisure to indulge in such fads as appealed to his fancy, for he practically had nothing else to do. He toyed with numismatics. He had a very unique collection of coins. He bought rare old books. These efforts at banishing ennui filled his life, but there was no real happiness or interest at base.

He heard about his sister frequently, in a casual sort of way only, however, for he turned a deaf ear to particulars. Her husband had turned out a steady, industrious man and Mary a contented, sweet-tempered woman.

Once, driving along a country road in his splendid equipage Bruce passed them, but as erect as a statue, as cold and unfeeling as ice.

So nearly half a century passed away. Bruce Watson was an old man, shriveled, snarling, unhappy. Time had as well touched the clear brow of Alan and had faded the sunny eyes of Mary. Thru all the years, however, love had grown. They had no children, but those of the neighbors were there frequently, visitors and fast friends. They grew poorer and poorer as the years wore away. Oft-times the larder was empty; it became a struggle to round out the year free of debt. They had in later times adopted a bright and affectionate orphan girl, little Lois, who gave to them of the fullness of her heart and was a cherished companion of their lonely life.

She came home one day, a ragged, half-starved tramp leaning on her shoulder for support. He was Jim Darby, he had told her when she had found him nursing a broken ankle by the wayside. Her adopted parents had inoculated rare human sympathy in her tender soul. She feared no rebuff when she led the castaway up to the porch of the little home and seated him in a rustic chair.

"There, be as comfortable as you can till I tell mother," the bright, winsome creature told Jim Darby. "She will do the rest."

There was no failing of her earnest promise. The homeless tramp was given a comfortable bed in the garret. He was nursed and fed and told that he was welcome to such as they had until he was well enough to resume the road.

"Which is my natural bent," observed Jim, "and somewhere along it I'm going to find something to pay you back for all your kindness."

Innocent, inexperienced Lois saw in fancy their grateful patient delving hard at honest work to keep his pledge. In his secret mind Jim chuckled as he recalled a certain domicile twenty miles or more distant. There its crabbed master had set his dogs on him, not, however, until the keen-eyed mendicant had caught sight of glowing wealth in the library of the mansion.

He was well and strong, as he announced at the breakfast table one morning that he would be no longer a burden to them.

"Better stay over a few days, friend," invited bluff, kind-hearted Alan Ware.

"Yes, at least for today," supplemented Mary, "for—Alan, I suppose you had forgotten it—but we were married just fifty years ago today."

"I remembered it," came the prompt, but muffled response, and a tear rolled down the speaker's cheek, "our wedding. I hoped you had forgotten it, for there hasn't been much of gold, or even silver, in this house during the half century."

"But oh! what true, pure gold of love, and trust, and faith!" cried Mary, springing up, agile as a girl, and putting her arms about his neck. "And as to the other gold—why, Alan, dear, we've always kept and revered this. Don't you remember—brother Bruce gave this to me only a week before we ran away and got married."

Mary removed from her neck a chain and locket. It contained the portraits of her parents. She placed it on the table and it should remain there all day, she declared, as a reminder. She planned a fine dinner to celebrate the occasion. Jim Darby went outside, deeply thoughtful.

"They shall have a real golden wedding, if I get jugged for it!" soliloquized Jim and he left the house for that grander one twenty miles away. He was not home at dinner time. Mary and Lois, returning to the house just before dark, stared strangely at the table as they entered the house. In its center was a little heap of gold coins and a blurred, misspelt note. It read: "For your golden wedding—Jim Darby."

"Why! What can it mean?" marveled Mary; then, picking up a box from the floor which had evidently been the original receptacle of the coins, she uttered a kind of scream.

What Jim Darby had done was to rob the brother of his kind hostess and the box he had stolen bore on its side his name and a description of the rare coins it contained. In a flash Mary surmised the truth.

Nothing would do but Lois must instantly proceed to the next town, seek out Bruce Watson and restore the filched treasure and explain. Lois had a sweetheart who offered to drive her to Wadham and back very willingly.

Bruce Watson regarded his visitor with suspicion and dislike. He roused up, however, as Lois told her story and restored the stolen coins.

"A golden wedding? Those paupers! The display must have been opulent!" he sneered.

"Oh, no," amended Lois, and meaningly, for she was an intelligent little being. "There was a real gold memento, Mr. Watson—a locket you gave your sister, containing the portraits of your father and mother."

If a shot had struck him it could not have had more effect. He paled and quivered. A simple word had unlocked the sealed storehouse of his memory.

She was beside him, her arms about his neck, in tears, pouring out the story of two patient, gentle lives, full of the love and tenderness he had missed. He waved her away finally, too choked up with emotion to speak.

And later—he invited, and there came into his life the joys of reconciliation, and the peace his soul had longed for all those dreary years.

Next Week---Beginning of "The Branded Smuggler," a Serial of Love and Ideals

Second Installment of a Thrilling Serial

JACK URQUART'S DOUBLE

By Annie B. Quimby

What the Story Is About

A YOUNG woman is dragged before a police judge for trying to drown herself and her baby. She is placed in an asylum for a short time, and the child is sent to an orphanage. Later, the mother seeks the baby, but finds it has been adopted by a woman named Heriot. Unable to locate it, she marries again. Her husband is a rich mill operator in the village of Fraserville. Two more sons are born by this marriage. Art, the younger son, betrays Mercy Fisher, daughter of an old night watchman at the mills. With the aid of an unscrupulous lawyer named Blackburn, Art removes the girl to the city of Ottawa. The father of the two boys dies suddenly. Art desires to inherit everything, and tries to prove that his older brother, Jack, is an illegitimate son. Mrs. Urquart denies it. Art's attorney, Blackburn, tries to prove it, but fails. Art and his attorney then locate Jack Heriot, who looks exactly like Jack Urquart, and start scheming. In the meantime, Art tries to make love to Jack's fiancee, Grace Renton, but she repulses him, and he threatens that he will make married life a horror for her when she becomes the wife of Jack.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 27, dated July 6.

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CHAPTER IX.

A BROTHER WITHOUT A SOUL.

THE following morning, as Grace Renton was returning from shopping in the village, she met Art Urquart. They were both going in the same direction, and walked together.

"Did you go to the recital last night, Mr. Urquart?" Grace asked, for the sake of conversation, for she never seemed to have anything to say in his presence.

"No, I didn't go. I heard you wouldn't be there, so the recital lost all attraction for me," he replied.

The girl frowned.

"You're mistaken, Mr. Urquart, I was there. Jack was too busy to take me, so I went with mother."

The little head went up haughtily.

"Too busy to take you!" he cried, in well-feigned surprise. "Jack was not busy at all. We spent the evening together at the Beeches. Mr. Blackburn was with us." He smiled grimly at remembrance of the social evening.

"Jack has been working hard lately. He needs a quiet evening now and then," she answered sweetly. The poison had not taken root.

The man looked at her for a moment, and his stern face softened.

"You are the most trusting, unsuspecting girl I ever knew," he said, his voice soft and tender. But just then something whispered: "Have you forgotten Mercy Fisher?" A frown of angry impatience gathered on his face, and he turned his head away.

"Why shouldn't I be trusting? As for suspicion, there is an old saying and a very true one: 'You should never bid the devil good morning until you meet him.' I haven't met him yet."

"I'm not so sure of that!" he answered. "You may have met him in the guise of a saint." He smiled in a way that she could not understand.

"It will be time enough to suspect him when I recognize him. I hate suspicious people. They're always disagreeable."

"I'll not be suspicious, then, for I don't want you to hate me. I—I want you to love me," he said.

"Mr. Urquart!" Grace said coolly, drawing herself up, "have you forgotten to whom you are speaking? You know that I am your brother's promised wife. I will believe that you did not mean it."

"Don't deceive yourself, Grace, I did mean it. You are not my brother's wedded wife, yet. It is not too late to reconsider your decision."

The girl did not speak, but her face was a dull crimson. Encouraged by her silence, he continued:

"I have borne this as long as I can in silence. You don't know how I have hungered for you, Grace, how I have longed to call you my own. My brother——"

"Stop it!" she exclaimed, angrily. "I will not listen!"

"I can't!" he replied, with a sort of calm excitement that was half despair. "I must tell you what is on my mind. I must speak. My brother has had all the good things of life. He is the eldest son, and my father's heir. On him has been showered all the parental love and devotion, while I—but what does it matter, I am only a second son. I am a miserable man, Grace. Do you know what it is to love without being loved? I will tell you. It is torture beyond the power of mortals to bear—misery beyond relief. In short, it is—hell."

He paused again. She did not speak, but quickened her pace. Her mother's house was only a few yards distant.

"I love you, Grace," he continued. "I love you better than life itself. I——"

"And your love is an insult!" she cried sharply. "You have acted the traitor to your brother. You have outraged the relationship he bears you. Had I been your brother's wife, the insult, the outrage, would not have been greater. I know you now for what you really are, a mean, cowardly soul!" She had stepped inside the gate and closed it after her.

"For God's sake, cease!" he gasped. "I don't forgive easily."

His face was white and quivering, his limbs trembling.

"You talk of love!" she cried. "You don't know what the word means."

"Beware!" he cried, his wrath at the boiling point.

"Beware yourself, Mr. Urquart! You dare to offer your love to me—a woman whose word is given to another. Go, Art Urquart, and give your love to the one who, of all women, has the best right to it." Her mother's door closed behind her, and the man was alone.

Art Urquart staggered weakly, and leaned against the fence for a moment, his face white and rigid. A moment later he had regained his usual composure. He looked after the fair girl who had promised to wed his brother, and ground his teeth in rage.

"You'll suffer for this, my lady! The end is not yet!" he muttered, and went on.

A few evenings later Mr. Blackburn and Art Urquart walked together in a secluded nook near the brook, not far from the spot where Art Urquart had bidden Mercy Fisher farewell.

"You have news of the fellow?" Art Urquart asked.

"Yes; I have seen and talked with him. The resemblance is marvelous."

"Do you think there's anything in our suspicions?"

"I am half inclined to think there may be."

"Ah! You have heard something, then?"

"Nothing definite, however. But by putting things together I have come to the conclusion that we may be on the right track."

"Just so!" the other replied. "And the resemblance is striking, you say?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Very striking, indeed! In fact, he would pass for Jack anywhere. Of course, you and I would know the difference, as would also your mother, and —and Miss Renton."

"Good!" Urquart cried, and his eyes shone with a fiendish delight. "And his name?"

"Strange to say, his name is Jack, also, Jack Heriot."

"Holy Patrick! Fortune is favoring us surely!" Art Urquart cried.

"It would seem so, Mr. Urquart, it would seem so," the lawyer said, and paused.

"Well, go on."

"This Jack Heriot was brought up by an old woman who keeps a rooming house in Ottawa."

"She is not his mother then?" the other asked eagerly.

"No, she adopted him when an infant from the orphanage on the Richmond road. That reminds me that Rose Thurlow's child had been placed in the same orphanage. I went there and made inquiries. I learned that the name of the woman who had adopted Rose Thurlow's child was Heriot. She was then living in Hintonburg, but soon after moved out West. Six years ago her husband died, and she moved back to Ottawa."

"Exactly!" Art Urquart observed slowly, as he paced slowly up and down.

"Do you grasp the significance?" the lawyer asked. "Rose Thurlow's child was also called Jack, and was adopted from the same home, by people of the same name. The dates are almost exact with the dates in our possession. Jack Heriot is your half-brother," the lawyer said slowly, convincingly.

"He does not know all this?"

"Never dreamed of such a thing."

"Good! I must see this Jack. I must be sure of the resemblance. Could you arrange to have him come down here, and keep low for a few days?"

"I hardly think so. He is keeping shady. He is wanted for something or other. But for the old woman I wouldn't have seen him."

They talked of the strange resemblance for a few minutes longer. Then Blackburn said as they walked slowly back to the Beeches:

"I saw your little friend, Mercy Fisher."

A dark frown gathered on Art Urquart's face.

"I had almost forgotten the girl. I trust she is behaving sensibly?" There was deep irritation in his voice.

"The little thing is looking poorly. She's disappointed that you haven't been to see her."

"Suffering saints! I can't have her hanging about my neck forever."

"Certainly not! Yet it might be well for you to go and see the girl. She might return and make trouble. So long as she thinks you care for her, she will remain submissive and obedient. Later, her mind will be taken up with the child. It would never do for her to return just now, you know."

"Perhaps you are right, Blackburn. I may run down and see her. As you say, it would never do for her to return just now," he said, twirling his dark mustache thoughtfully.

"We might be able to arrange that you see Heriot at the same time," the lawyer observed.

"The very thing! We will go up some day next week."

"By the way," the lawyer remarked, "have you heard that Jack and Grace are to be married soon?"

"Yes, I have heard," and his face flushed dully. "Let them marry, Blackburn; they won't enjoy wedded bliss long."

"Don't you think you're carrying your revenge a little too far? There may be danger in the course you're pursuing," remarked the lawyer.

"What matter if there is? I've gone too far to turn back now. I must keep on; there can be no turning back for me. I see your soul shrinks from the horror of it. You have found me an apt pupil, eh, Blackburn? I have progressed rapidly with the few lessons you gave me." Art broke into a laugh that had no mirth in it.

"It is horrible!" the lawyer cried, with a shudder. "It is too cruel, and so unmerited," and again he shuddered.

He Stood Gloating Over His Victim. "Jack Urquart," He Cried, "It Were Better That You Were Dead; but You Shall Live and Suffer as No Man Has Done Before."

CHAPTER X.

A MOTHER'S CONFESSION.

"YOU dear little soul, you will really give up all the pomp and ceremony of a grand wedding without regret?" said Jack Urquart lovingly, and patted one of Grace's soft white hands.

"I don't want a grand wedding, Jack. Marriage is too sacred to be made an occasion for pomp and show. We will have no curious guests to criticise the bride's veil and gown, and speculate what it represents in dollars and cents," Grace Renton replied, her eyes, soft and tender, on his eager face.

"You're a sensible girl, Grace," Jack answered, in a flattering tone. "We will be just as happy as tho the whole countryside was there to witness the ceremony."

"Much happier, Jack. The ceremony is for us alone. When two love as we do, Jack, they don't require a house full of people to make them happy. We will just have two or three old friends, that's all."

"Just think, Grace, only two days more, and you will belong to me forever."

"Yes," she answered softly. "Until death do us part. I have often wondered, Jack, if we will disagree and grow tired of each other, like some married folks I know."

"I hope not, dear. I pray God we never shall!" he cried solemnly. "But by the way, Grace, you didn't tell me about the little unpleasantness you had with Art, this morning." His face had suddenly grown grave.

Grace flushed and became embarrassed.

"Who could have told you about that?" she asked in surprise.

"It was little Tim Jones. He read me quite a lecture, I assure you. He said if you were his girl, he wouldn't let another fellow talk to you like that," and he laughed at the remembrance of it.

"The dear little tot! But I didn't see him."

"He was playing in the street when you passed, it seems, and he didn't like the way Art was speaking, so he followed to see that you had fair play, I suppose. I want you to tell me what Art said to you, Grace. How dare he persecute you?"

"I can't tell you, Jack—in fact, I will not," she answered, as he began to expostulate. "Art is ashamed of it now—

I know he is. Let it go," she pleaded.

Jack Urquart paced the floor for several minutes. Revenge and mercy were waging fierce war in his breast. "Was the boy crazy? Had he no knowledge of right or wrong, no sense of decency? When would his shameful persecutions cease?" the long suffering brother thought with bitter humiliation.

"Because you have asked for mercy for him, I shall grant it, but I have a feeling that it is a most unwise thing to do. He may carry his persecutions further. I am glad that I will soon have the right to protect you before the world," he said, taking his hat to go.

"Must you go so soon, Jack?"

"Yes, dearest, I have much to do yet, and remember, just two more days," and he kissed her fondly and was gone.

An hour later, Jack tapped lightly upon his mother's door and in obedience to her command entered.

"Well, mother, it is all arranged, Grace and I will be married on Wednesday."

"So soon, my son? Only two days."

"Yes; I think the sooner the better. Art's persecutions of Grace must then cease, or he must leave our home. She has no father, you know, and she needs a man's protection." And he told his mother of the insult offered Grace by his brother.

The mother sighed, and a troubled look settled over her pale face.

"You will have to forgive your brother much, Jack, for his is a strange nature—a peculiar mixture of good and evil."

"Good!" Jack cried bitterly. "Has he one noble trait, one honorable thought?" and his face darkened.

"You're too hard on him, Jack. You make no allowance for his peculiar disposition. He is not all bad."

"Perhaps you are right, mother, but it is hard to bear with him always."

"Have patience with him a little longer, son, for my sake. When you marry, he will surely not remain," she said.

"We will hope not after what has occurred."

For a moment mother and son were silent, then the former observed:

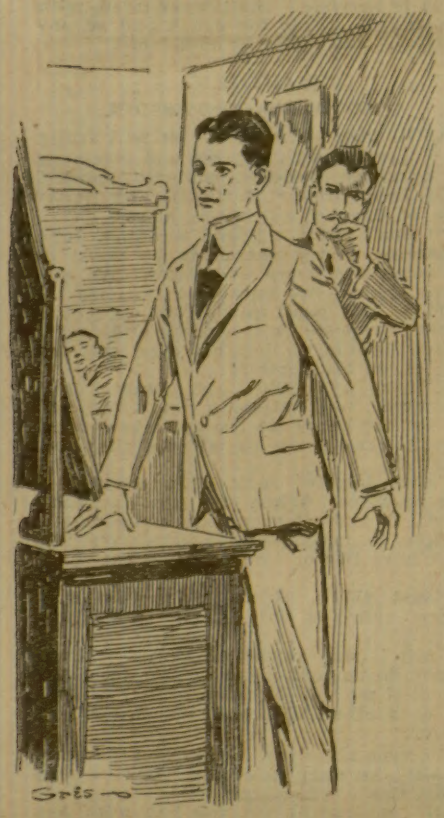
"I have a confession to make, son, and I may not have a better opportunity than the present."

Jack looked uncomfortable, but remained silent.

"My dear Jack," she began in a painfully strained voice, "have you no curiosity about the other Jack, born to Rose and Robert Thurlow in Montreal, in the year 1868?"

"No, I have not. I have faith enough in my mother to know that if it is right for me to know, she will tell me in her own good time."

For a moment Mrs. Urquart was completely overcome, for the subject had



"H—l, I Look Swell. Wouldn't His Own Mother Take Me for Her Son?"

revived painful memories. After a little she grew calmer and continued:

"Somewhere in this wide world you have a half-brother, also called Jack. Your father and I decided it was better not to speak of that sad event in my life to our children. When seventeen I eloped with a man called Thurlow. No one knew anything about him, but he pleased my girlish fancy. For a year we lived happily, and a child was born. Then, one morning he was gone, but a letter was left to tell me that he had grown tired of me. He said our marriage was only a farce, but I have since proved that to be untrue. Our marriage was legal in every particular."

"The scoundred!" Jack cried, the hot blood surging over cheek and brow.

"I can't tell you what agonies I endured for the next few weeks, but it preyed on my mind to such an extent that I tried to drown myself and child."

"My poor mother!" Jack cried compassionately.

"But the child and I were both rescued by an officer," the mother went on; "thus I was saved from the worst crime that God's creatures can commit—that of murder and self-destruction."

"And the child?" asked Jack. "Did it die?"

"I don't know, I sometimes hope it did. After my attempted suicide, I was deemed a dangerous person and was placed in an asylum, and the child in an orphanage. Six months later I was discharged and at once went to seek my child. Oh, Jack! I suffered the agonies of the lost then! My child was gone! It had been adopted by a couple living in Hintonburg. I went to the address given with a faint hope of regaining little Jack, but the people were gone, and no one seemed to know where. That was the last I heard of the child; but a few months later the father was killed in a street car accident in Montreal. I read of the accident in the paper, and from the description of a scar on the left temple, I knew it was my husband."

"You have had much trouble, mother," Jack said gently.

"Yes, my son, I have had much trouble, but I have also had many joys. Your father was always kind and considerate, and you, Jack, are a son of whom any mother might be proud."

"Thank you, mother," he said, and reverently kissed her white brow. "I fear it is little comfort I have been able to bring you, but for that little I am thankful. When Grace comes we must try to make up to you for the past."

But Mrs. Urquart shook her head sadly. "I shall not be with you long, Jack. But always remember that if he is living you have a half-brother somewhere in the world. If ever you meet him for my sake treat him kindly, for his lot in life may have been very, very hard." Her voice was hoarse.

"You need have no uneasiness on that point, mother. I shall try to find the other Jack, and my home shall be his home if he will have it so. But why do you say you will soon leave me, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, my son, I shall soon leave you. I shall soon bid farewell to a world that has caused me much trouble."

"No, no, mother; you shall not. You will live and be happy for many years yet," he said consolingly, thinking that trouble and delicate health had given her morbid thoughts of death.

Mrs. Urquart shook her head.

"I shall leave you, dearest," she repeated sadly.

"Tut, mother! You have grown fanciful: you are too much alone."

She smiled feebly.

They talked for some time longer, and when he rose to go the full moon was shining into the room, casting a silvery sheen over everything. The wind had risen, and the boughs of a tree tapped gently against the glass.

"I shall be off to the mills early in the morning, for I have a busy day before me; but I shall try to get home early. Cheer up, mother, and rejoice with me! We shall all be happy yet! Good-by."

She clung to him and wept.

"Good-by," he repeated, and tried to place her gently in a chair. But she clung to him as tho she was to see him no more.

"Good-by," she sobbed, and her arms dropped empty to her side, and her face was like the face of the dead.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE MANSION OF SORROW.

THE following morning Jack was early astir. It was to be the last day of his bachelorhood, and a very busy one. As he was passing thru the hall on his way out, he met Art with a suitcase in hand.

"What, going away, old man?" Jack asked, in a voice calm and natural.

"Yes; I've business in the city for a few days," the other replied coldly.

"Sorry you can't be with us tomorrow," Jack forced himself to say.

"Oh, I dare say you'll get along without me," the other replied sullenly, a peculiar gleam in his dark restless eyes.

"Have you told mother good-by?" Jack asked, ignoring the other's words.

"No, I haven't. I have no time to lose, if I would catch the 7:30 train to town."

"I should make time to say good-by, Art. Mother is not well, and is feeling very dejected. It will grieve her if you go without a word."

The other paused a moment, a half-defiant, half-ashamed look on his moody face. Then he set down his bag and went silently up the stairs.

Mrs. Urquart was early astir, also, and was placing some linen in a box when Art rapped impatiently upon the door. In reply to her low "come in," he pushed the door open and entered.

In cold measured tones he told his mother that business required his presence in the city for several days, and with an indifferent good-by he was turning away.

"Arthur," she said, holding out her hand, her voice thrilling with love and emotion, "we must not part like this." Instinctively she leaned forward and touched her cold lips to his cheek.

A look of surprised annoyance passed over his pale face, but he turned away without a word.

Twenty minutes later, while hurrying to the station, he met Grace Renton returning from an early visit to a sick woman.

He lifted his hat coldly; Grace bowed and was about to pass on when he stopped her.

"I hear that you and Jack are to be married tomorrow?" His voice was harsh and cold.

Grace bowed.

"You seem determined to ruin your life and his also," he said bitterly. "As sure as this marriage takes place your two lives will be ruined—blasted! I swear it! Good-by," and before she could recover sufficiently to speak he was gone.

At 4 o'clock Jack returned from the mills. He went direct to his mother's apartments, for her pale, agitated face had been with him all the day.

There was no response to his knock, so gently pushing the door open he entered. The room was empty; no fire burned in the grate; some of the pictures had been removed from the walls. The table stood bare and empty; her few treasured books were gone; the room was chill, voiceless, and desolate.

What did it all mean? Jack stood on the threshold and took it all in at a glance. Something white and ominous-looking lay on the stand by the bed. With shaking fingers he picked it up. It was a letter addressed to himself, and in his mother's well-known hand. He broke the seal and read:

"To My Dear Son Jack: Do not grieve for me, but think of me as one who has found peace. I go today to the shelter and protection of the church. I trust that you and Grace will make each other very happy. Good-by, my son; you may never know the day when this sorrowing soul will take its flight to the mansions above. Remember that your mother loves you always, and will pray for you continually. From the hour you read this, think of me as dead, for I shall be dead to the world."

As Jack finished reading the letter a moan escaped him. He turned silently and left the house. The empty rooms seemed to mock his misery, his steps echoed dismally. He took the road to the village, feeling that he must see Grace.

The air was cold and chill, but colder far was the heart within him. The wind sighed and moaned, and to him all the world seemed weeping.

In Mrs. Renton's cozy cottage the fire burned brightly. Jack opened the door and walked in. His face was pale and his eyes had a strange look; but his voice was calm, and he spoke collectedly. He told them about his mother's disappearance, and gave Grace the letter left for himself. His voice was steady, and never a tremor told of the agony his soul was enduring.

Grace was at a loss how to comfort him. Mrs. Renton expressed sincere regret, and discreetly withdrew, leaving the lovers alone.

Grace was silent for some minutes. What words of comfort could she give him? Death has its solace, but there was no comfort for death in life.

The lovers talked for nearly an hour, and when Jack rose to go Grace accompanied him to the gate. She recalled Art Urquart's threat. Should she tell Jack? She was on the point of doing so when the weary, anxious expression of his face checked her. Why add this to his other troubles? His burden was sufficiently heavy.

Jack took Grace in his arms and kissed the tender, sympathetic face, then he stepped into the street, and the gate closed with a sharp, metallic click.

When Jack had departed Grace stood leaning over the gate for several minutes. Presently she heard footsteps. She lifted her pale, thoughtful face. A man was approaching. It was surely Jack—he was coming back to speak to her again. But he passed without a word. Grace gasped, a thrill of fear shot thru her. It was Jack's figure, his face, his eyes, but not the clothes he had worn a few minutes before. But it was Jack—of that she was sure—and he had passed her without a word.

The wind blew almost a gale. Overhead the clouds were scurrying across the moon, but Jack heeded them not. He went back to the Beeches, carrying with him a crushed and broken spirit. That his mother should leave his roof for the protection of another—no matter what that other might be—hurt him deeply.

When the servants had gone to bed and the house was silent and deserted, Jack went to his mother's room and sat down beside the fireless hearth. He tried to face the terrible situation. Why had his mother shut herself away from the world? Surely her sorrow was not so great as that. Then he remembered Art's terrible accusation against his mother's honor. He remembered, also, that his mother of late had been seldom found in her favorite sitting-room. Had Art dared to persecute her, to make her life miserable? His teeth closed with a snap, and terrible words rose to his lips, but he forced them back. The cruel, vindictive nature of his brother had driven their mother into a convent to seek peace. The thought was more bitter than death.

For hours he fancied his mother was by his side. First he was a little child, grieving because he had lost a toy, or hurt a knee. The toy was found and the knee kissed, and he was happy again. Then he fancied he was ill, his little body was racked with pain and fever. No one could adjust his pillow or smooth the wrinkles from the sheet as mother could. No hand was so cool and gentle, no touch so soothing. Again, he was a few years older, and had fallen from his pony and sprained his ankle; no hand but mother's could apply the bandages without causing him excruciating pain. Again they stood to-

It Was Jack, and He Had Passed Her Without a Word.

gether by his father's deathbed, each sharing the other's sorrow and trying to lighten each other's burden of grief. Then, lastly, he pictured her as she would appear at the convent, in a nun's cap and coif. The thought was too terrible. He sprang to his feet—the dream was broken.

Jack hurried from the room. Surely the spirit of his mother still inhabited that deserted chamber. The perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead. He snatched a hat from the rack as he passed hurriedly thru the hall.

Black clouds hung heavily in a stormy sky, and now and then the moon peeped thru them.

Jack took the road that led to the mills, and listened with a shudder to the moaning of the wind thru the trees. It sighed and whistled, and wept, and laughed, by turns. It seemed to interpret his own mood.

He walked on, not heeding where his footsteps led him. Soon the tall smokestacks rose before him like hideous black ghosts. In watching their outlines against the sky, his mind was taken from himself and turned to Grace. She was his all now. Life without her would be unendurable. A flood of emotion surged over his soul, and in his heart he blessed her.

In the mill yard he suddenly came face to face with the old nightwatch going his rounds.

"Good night to ye, Jack," he called above the roar of the wind.

"Good night, Josiah. How are you tonight?"

"Fine, sir; fine! Yonder clouds look as tho we might have a wee muck o' rain afore mornin'."

"It does, Josiah, it does," he replied, casting a burden away. He had spoken to a fellow creature and the vision would trouble him no more. It had been only a disagreeable daydream, an idle fancy born of overwrought nerves.

He decided to go home and seek a little rest before the duties of the morrow began.

Jack walked briskly towards the Beeches. In the distance a dog was howling mournfully A black cloud floated in the sky, and at its back the moon sailed. A flying cloud crossed the moon's face, then its bright rays spread over the churchyard. The marble slab over his father's grave rose like a specter.

What unseen power had drawn him there? Was it meant that he should drink the cup of bitterness to its very dregs tonight?

Jack opened the gate and entered the churchyard. The night dew lay cold upon his cheeks, and his eyes were dim as he knelt by his father's grave.

Was it strange that at that moment when all the earth looked black and

desolate; when reverence for a father's memory and love learned at a mother's knee were almost forgotten—was it strange then that peace should come to him there?

The voice of an angel seemed to whisper in his heart: "Grieve not; thy mother is at peace."

The horror of his thoughts had vanished. They would return no more. He went home and slept in peace.

CHAPTER XII.

ART AGAIN FOOLS MERCY.

IN A ROOM in one of the big hotels in Ottawa, Mr. Blackburn and Art Urquart sat in earnest conversation.

"Will nothing dissuade you from your terrible revenge?" the lawyer asked. "Will nothing turn you aside?"

"Nothing, my dear Blackburn! You don't seem to understand me. You should know that I never was given to half measures. There are only two things that I could do: Either forgive them both, or fight them to the last ditch. I prefer the latter. There is an element of the devil in me that finds exquisite pleasure in making my enemies suffer. The woman I love has scorned me. Her love has been given to Jack. It has always been the same; Jack gets everything. If it were not for him, I would have been my father's heir! Were it not for him, I should have won the woman I love!" he cried bitterly. "She has spurned me, Blackburn, and he has taken the place that should have been mine, and for it they both shall suffer!" and his face grew dark and threatening.

"But Jack is not responsible for being the elder son. To do him justice, I must say if he had been the younger son, he would have accepted the position without useless regrets. As for Grace, love cannot be compelled, you know."

"See here, Blackburn, you may as well cease that lingo. They too must suffer the tortures of hell. There are only the ashes of a dead love in my heart for Grace at this minute. I will teach her what love turned to hatred means," and he laughed, and his voice surely had the echo of Satan in it. "You have gone too far to turn back now, Blackburn," he sneered.

"But have you thought of the danger? It means Kingston for you and me if we are discovered."

"There is practically no danger; and if there were I should not turn back now."

"Very well, then, but remember if you find yourself in a prison cell, it will be your own unreasonable thirst for revenge that has placed you there. You will have only yourself to blame."

Art Urquart laughed, but the laugh was strained and mirthless.

The lawyer shivered.

"Have you arranged for that meeting with Jack Heriot?" Art asked.

"Yes; you are to be at his mother's house at ten tonight."

"Good! Now about the girl—Mercy. I suppose it would be policy for me to go and see her? She must be kept quiet and out of sight, just now," he observed thoughtfully.

"Yes, I should advise you to see her at once, else she might prove troublesome. That reminds me that Mrs. Conroy thinks we ought to send her to a quieter place. She keeps a rooming-house, you know, and just now the business seems to be thriving. Her house is full, and certainly is not a desirable place for the girl. She is liable at any time to encounter some one who knows her. That must be avoided at all hazards."

"She must be moved then, without delay. See to it, Blackburn, that a suitable place is found for her at once. We must take no unnecessary risks, you know."

"Mrs. Conroy has a widowed sister, who lives in Lower Town, who would be willing to take the girl."

"The very thing, Blackburn!" the other replied.

Two hours later Art Urquart called at Mrs. Conroy's rooming-house. His ring was answered by Mrs. Conroy herself.

"You have a girl called Mercy Fisher staying here, I believe?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Will you please step in?" said the woman as she scanned his face keenly.

A door on the left was thrown suddenly open, and Mercy, pale and trembling, rushed out. A moment later her arms were around his neck and she was sobbing hysterically.

Mrs. Conroy hastened them into the room which Mercy had just left, and after cautioning the girl to be calm and to cease her tears, she left them.

"He doesn't seem overmuch glad to see the little thing," she muttered, as she went slowly toward the kitchen. "But it's always that way."

As soon as Mercy had calmed herself sufficiently to speak, she said: "Oh, Art, I thought you were never going to come to see me! I thought you had forgotten," and she clung to him piteously.

"You silly child! How could I forget you?" and for a moment he tenderly patted the little head. "I have been very busy, Mercy. I had to neglect my work to come here today."

"I'm so glad you haven't forgotten me," she said, smiling thru her tears.

"You mustn't get such silly ideas into your head, child," he replied kindly. "But you're looking poorly. What is it? Have you been fretting?" and his face clouded just the proper degree.

"Oh, Art, I have been so terribly homesick, so awful lonely, and you were so long coming. Sometimes I thought I must go back to dad again."

"You poor darling!" he said with well assumed tenderness. "I never thought you would be so lonely." To himself he was saying: "I haven't come a moment too soon. Blackburn was right. She would have proved troublesome."

"But you will not be lonely now?" he asked. "I will come again soon."

"No, I won't mind it so much now that I know that you haven't forgotten me," she answered bravely.

"Good little girl," he smiled. "You'll soon be well and happy again."

"And you'll come and take me home and explain it all to them?" she asked wistfully.

"Didn't I tell you I would before you came here?" was the reproachful query.

"Yes, yes, of course you did," she answered quickly, fearful lest she offend.

"You must trust me, Mercy, and do as I tell you, and all will soon be well again."

"I do trust you, Art; I should die if I didn't," she moaned.

"That's right, little one," he said; "now listen, Mercy: This house is no place for you. Would you not like to go and live with Mrs. Conroy's sister in Lower Town?"

"I should like that," she said brightening. "The people here stare at me so, and say such rude things, especially the women."

For a moment a peculiar light gleamed in his eyes, and his face grew set and stern. Was he pitying the innocent child whom his brutal passions had brought to such ruin and ridicule?

"Never mind them, Mercy," he said in a strange voice. "In a case of this kind it is always the women who are the hardest. They prate about women's tender hearts and redeeming love, but it's all tommy-rot. They are cruel and heartless where their sympathies are really needed," and his face was dark with anger.

They talked for a half hour longer, then he rose to go.

"You will come again soon?" the girl asked pleadingly.

"Yes, Mercy, I'll come again soon. A carriage will be sent to take you to your new home tonight. Don't come to the door. Good-by!" and he was gone.

On Grace Renton's wedding morn the sun rose bright and glorious, and gave promise of an ideal day, for which the bride was thankful. Deep down in her girlish heart there was a wee mite of superstition about the bride that the sun shines on. What girl cares to have the heavens weep on her wedding day?

The wedding was a very quiet one. The neighbors and tenants had intended giving the young people a pleasant surprise, in the shape of a serenade, but the recent tragedy in the groom's life deterred them.

They were married in the village church, in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Then all drove quietly to the Beeches, where supper awaited them.

The bride and groom had intended going on an extended visit to New York, but the recent disappearance of the groom's mother had caused them to change their plans, and the trip was delayed indefinitely.

A week passed and Jack and Grace had settled down to the joys of domestic bliss. Jack's days were taken up at the mills, while Grace's were spent in beautifying her new home.

It was a happy never-to-be-forgotten week.

The clock was striking six as Jack entered the hall, a perturbed look on his handsome face. Grace had put on a brown silk gown that suited her dainty loveliness exceedingly well. For the last half hour she had been anxiously awaiting Jack's return. As the front door opened and his step sounded in the hall, she went to meet him, all the love of her young heart shining in her eyes. He took her face between his hands and kissed her tenderly.

"I've been waiting for you for the last half hour, dear. But what is the matter?" she asked, noting the anxious look on his face.

"My dear, I may have to leave you for a day or two. I am needed in Ottawa at once. I have money invested there, you know, and I received a message this afternoon to come at once."

"If that is all, you need not look so distressed," she laughed.

"But I hate to leave you, if only for a day," he said, placing a strong, tender arm about her waist.

"I know, dear, but we can't help it; and you'll not be long gone," she replied cheerily.

"You brave little woman!" and his eyes shone with admiration. "I shall be back tomorrow night. I'll ask your mother to come and stay with you until I return. I must hurry if I would catch tonight's train."

An hour later Grace stood on the station platform and waved farewell to her husband as the train steamed away toward the city. She watched it until it was out of sight, then a great lump rose in her throat and nearly choked her. The distant shriek of the engine seemed to her an eternal farewell. Her eyes grew misty, her step tottering. Why had she let him go? Why had she not gone with him? With dazed eyes and uncertain steps she turned toward the car. People were looking at her strangely, pityingly, she thought. She

The nerves of the body are not unlike the telegraph system at the Front. The millions of nerve filaments are like a network of wires that keep all the trenches in close sympathy and communion. Food supplies and reinforcements are dispatched here and there and so the nerves send increased blood and nourishment where it is most required. The nerve cells guide the heart and stomach. By this means the stream of blood laden with nourishment is sent to every part of the body.

So it is that the blood feeds the nerves. If blood is impoverished, we feel nervous—sleepless — "fidgety." The blood needs to be built up. There should be about fifty grains of iron in the body, or as much as is contained in an ordinary "tenpenny" nail. If we lack iron in our blood, we are pale, anemic, with no vim. We are nervous or tired. The thing to do is to obtain from your nearest drug store a new iron tonic, called "Irontic." This is the discovery of Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y. Try it now! Don't wait! Today is the day to begin. Put yourself in normal physical condition.

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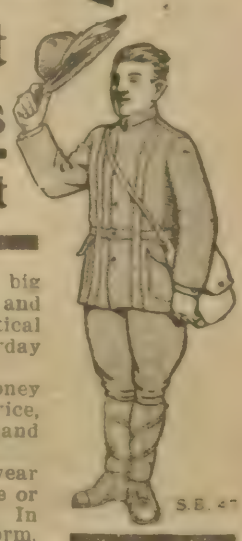

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took her seat in the automobile. When Grace reached the Beeches she found that her mother was already there.

CHAPTER XIII.

ART'S LAUGH BETRAYS HIM.

AS THE train sped away toward the city, a vague feeling of unrest took possession of Jack Urquart. A feeling of impending evil lay heavy upon his soul. It was as tho a hand of ice had clutched his heart and held it in a frozen grip.

He thought of Grace. Surely it was unwise of him to leave her behind. It was almost cruel to part from her so soon. If anything should happen to her during his absence! Then he laughed—the thought was so utterly silly. Mrs. Benton would be there, and would see that no harm befell Grace. He tried to ridicule his fears into silence, but they kept coming back to torture him.

It was with a sense of keen relief that he alighted from the train at Ottawa. As he entered the depot, almost the first person he met was his brother Art.

"Jack!" the other cried, with well-feigned surprise. "You are about the last person I should expect to meet here in town. Is Grace with you?"

"No; I'm alone. Roberts sent me an urgent message this afternoon, so I came by the late train."

"You won't be able to see Roberts before morning. He took the car for Alymer about an hour ago."

A look of annoyance crossed Jack's face. "I thought to see him tonight and save time."

"Where are you going to put up?" Art asked.

"I don't know. I usually stay at the [illegible]"

"Better come to the Grande. I'm staying there. It's a decent sort of place."

"To the Grande then," Jack cried, well pleased that Art had shown a desire to be friendly.

They hailed a taxicab. The two brothers ate a late dinner together, and then lighting a cigar each, they went for a stroll.

Jack wondered meanwhile at the change in his brother, but set it down to a desire to be on better terms with his relations, and determined to meet him half way in any friendly advances.

They walked leisurely down Sparks street, stopping now and then to exchange greetings with some casual acquaintance. Then Art suddenly remembered a forgotten engagement.

"By Jove!" he cried, abruptly pausing in his walk. "I promised to run around and see Gilroy this evening. You remember Gilroy, who went to France and lost both legs?" he inquired of Jack.

Why, yes, to be sure. I didn't know he was in the city, tho. When did he arrive home?"

Just returned a few days ago, and is staying with friends in Lower Town. What do you say to taking a run down to see him?"

Jack hesitated for a moment, he was thinking more of Grace than of war veterans.

"The night's young yet," the other continued. "Ten minutes' ride on the cars will bring us to the house. We won't stay long.'

"I suppose it'll only be cheating sleep a couple of hours," Jack replied with a yawn.

A few minutes later they were at the house, and in answer to their ring a middle-aged woman appeared. She seemed nervous and excited, and stared at Jack as if he were a ghost.

"Is Mr. Gilroy in?" Art asked.

"Yes, he's in his room," the woman replied.

"Tell him Mr. Urquart has called to see him. But wait a minute. Have you anything in the house to drink?"

"Yes, sir, there is plenty of water in the tap in the kitchen," she answered with a grin.

"See here, my good woman, I didn't mean water. I know you keep a drop now and then. We are quite safe, I assure you. Come, make haste."

A moment later a bottle of wine and another of brandy were set on the table, with glasses, and the woman quietly withdrew to notify Mr. Gilroy of their presence, as Jack supposed.

"Let us drink to your future happiness, Jack, and that all differences between us be forgotten," Art proposed. "What will you have?"

Now, Jack was a strictly temperate man, but he couldn't refuse to drink with his brother when asked in such a manner, and in such a cause. He chose the wine, and only half-filled his glass.

"Tut, tut, man! You must drink a generous glass to such a generous toast!" Art cried, grasping the bottle and filling the other's glass. "I'll have brandy, with always pleasure with me." he added, filling himself a generous glass.

The glasses clinked. Then each drained his glass, and when they set the glasses down Art Urquart's eyes had a peculiar crafty glitter. He drew two cigars from his pocket, and examined them carefully, then handed one to Jack.

"May as well light up while we're waiting for Gilroy," Art observed carelessly.

Gilroy seemed tardy in coming. Jack began to yawn, his head dropped on his breast. He tried to shake off the stupor that was creeping over him. He rose to his feet, tottered towards the door, then staggered and fell.

As Jack Urquart fell senseless to the floor, Art crossed to his side and stood looking down upon the face that would not have been whiter in death. A diabolical smile played about his lips, and settled in his eyes.

"Jack Urquart," he cried, "it were better for you that you were dead! But that would suit my purpose not at all. You'll live and suffer as man has never suffered before."

He stood gloating over his victim. He prodded him roughly with his foot to make sure that he was fully under the influence of the drugged wine. Then he turned away, and opening a door on the left entered a small dining-room.

"Hello, Blackburn!" he cried. "You're sharp on time. Didn't expect you for an hour yet. By George! It was an easy job," and he laughed boisterously. The brandy was beginning to be felt.

"Everything all right?" the lawyer asked, his constant smile broadening into a grin.

"Couldn't be better," the other replied. "He'll be dead to the world for hours."

Just then the landlady entered the room and looked worried.

"I forgot to tell you gentlemen that you must keep quiet. I've a sick lady lodging with me. She doesn't sleep very well, and may complain if disturbed."

The two looked at each other anxiously.

"You should have told us you had a lodger, my good woman," the lawyer began.

"I forgot to mention the lady, sir. But she's abed hours ago. She won't be in yer way, only ye must not disturb her."

"In what part of the house does the lady room?" Art Urquart asked.

"Upstairs, the front room on the right. It's the farthest away."

"Have you any other lodgers?"

"No, sir. There is only the young lady in the house."

"You go and turn the key in her door, and we'll promise not to disturb her," Art said brusquely.

The old woman went laboriously up the stairs, and quietly turned the key in her lodger's door. But she was blissfully ignorant of the fact that she was locking an empty room.

Art Urquart's boisterous laugh was surely intended by fate to wreck his plans, and to bring down vengeance upon his own head. Neither of the conspirators suspected that Mrs. Heriot was Mrs. Conroy's sister.

Mercy Fisher had been removed from Mrs. Conroy's rooming-house to her sister's home in Lower Town. The girl had been in bed for hours, but a strange wakefulness was upon her. She was thinking of Art Urquart—dreaming of the happy future when he should take her home again: and painting vivid pictures of the time when he would always be by her side.

The door bell rang, and she started violently. Some one had entered the house. Then for a time all was silent. She was just dozing off when Art Urquart's loud laugh rang thru the silent house. She sprang out of bed, her limbs trembling, and her breath coming in eager, expectant gasps.

"Surely that was his voice!" she cried excitedly. She listened intently, but all was still again. "Surely there are not two people who laugh like that! No, it was he. I'm sure. He said he would come again soon. I must dress; he'll be sure to send Mrs. Heriot for me."

Mercy Fisher hurriedly slipped on a kimono and slippers, then quietly left the room and leaned over the dark banister, to listen for the sound of his voice again.

A heavy step sounded on the stair. It was Mrs. Heriot. Mercy was about to speak, when some invisible hand seemed to hold her back. The woman went silently on—too silently, the girl thought—and paused before the door of the room Mercy had just left. There was a soft, almost inaudible click, as the key turned in the lock. Then the old woman went silently down the stairs again.

For a moment Mercy was almost too frightened to stir. "Why did the woman want to lock her in?" she asked herself. She leaned far over the banister and listened intently. A faint murmur of subdued voices came to her ears. Then one spoke louder than the rest. The girl trembled and grew pale.

"It is he," she murmured. "But why doesn't he ask for me? Why should Mrs. Heriot want to lock me in?" and she choked back sobs of disappointment.

The voices in the room below continued, but she could not distinguish what was said. She stole softly down the stairs. All was in utter darkness, save for a thin streak of light under the door. Scarcely realizing what she was doing, and only remembering the man she loved was behind the closed door, she crept close and listened.

There was no doubt now. It was Art Urquart that was speaking. Then another voice which she recognized as Blackburn's.

"Have you seen Mercy Fisher?" the lawyer asked presently.

"Yes, and not a moment too soon. The little thing actually spoke of returning home."

"I was afraid she might give us trouble," the lawyer broke in. "I hope you convinced her that you meant well," and he laughed jeeringly.

The words and laugh made Mercy's face burn with shame. Fear and horror froze her to the spot.

"I believe I quieted her fears for a time. Silly little goose! As tho I would ruin my life by marrying her! She's only the old 'night-watch's' daughter," he sneered.

There was intense silence for a few minutes, and Mercy could hear the beating of her own heart.

Then the lawyer said: "Isn't it time the fellow was here? It's growing late."

Just then the door bell rang. Mercy shrank away and crept trembling up the stairs. Instead of going to her own room, she entered a large room on the left, and sank in a heap on the floor.

How long she lay there she never knew. The first sound she heard was that of footsteps coming along the hall. They came slowly, and laboriously, as tho carrying a heavy burden. Then a voice said: "This way." It was Mrs. Heriot who was speaking. The light streamed into the room from the transom over the door. Mercy had barely time to crawl into the closet and close the door when they entered the room.

The room was Mrs. Heriot's own. In the closet hung a number of skirts and petticoats. Mercy rose to her feet and pulled the garments about her. A crack in the closet door gave her a full view of the room.

The first to enter was Mrs. Heriot, carrying a lamp. Then came Art Urquart, and a man she took at first glance to be his brother Jack. Between them hung the limp form of a man. At first Mercy thought him dead, but she soon learned the secret of his apparent lifelessness.

"We must hurry before he comes to," Art exclaimed in a guarded voice. "He'll not come to for some time yet, tho, I should imagine."

As the head touched the pillow the face of the unconscious man turned toward the closet. Mercy gasped, and clutched the garments on the wall for support. Unconsciously she leaned forward and touched the closet door, and it squeaked slightly.

"What's that?" the man she at first mistook for Jack Urquart cried.

"Nothing, you ass!" the other answered. "Come, brace up and be a man!"

"A manly occupation, this!" the other retorted angrily.

"Almost as manly as robbing old men and women, eh?" the other sneered.

"You have me solid, old man. But I've no taste for the job, that I haven't."

"If you would prefer a term in the Central just say so. It isn't too late yet, you know."

"I've no hankerin' for the Central, I haven't," the other replied, in a surly tone.

"You had better act sensible then. It is either this or a free trip to Kingston." Art answered sternly, gazing into the face that was almost an exact counterpart of that of the man who lay so helpless on the bed. "If you change places with the man here, you will have wealth, position, and a life of ease, and an honored name will be yours. If you remain Jack Heriot, you will be sent up for highway robbery. You must choose between the two, and be quick about it." Art's voice was cold and steely.

Mrs. Heriot set the lamp on the stand and stood shivering near the door. Jack Heriot's face was dark and sullen.

"You know I can't help myself. I'll have to be Jack Urquart," he answered.

"Very well, then. We understand each other." To the woman he said: "We'll not need you any more, Mrs. Heriot," and with visible relief the old woman departed, softly closing the door behind her.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACK AND HIS DOUBLE.

MERCY'S eyes were fixed in horror upon the still white face on the bed. There, in a stupor that was twin brother to death, lay Jack Urquart, and over him bent a face that would have passed for his own anywhere. Two faces cast by nature in the same mold, yet there was a difference. One was white, serene, and peaceful. In the lines of the face there were strength, purity and will power. The other bore unmistakable signs of dissipation and evil passions. Despite this, so marvelously alike were the two faces that they would have seemed identical to a casual observer.

"Have you the clothes you wore that night?" Art asked.

Jack Heriot stepped to the closet and picked up a bundle from the floor. His sleeve touched Mercy's face, and she felt his hot liquor-tainted breath upon her cheek, but the garments hid her from view. She thought she must scream, but fear for her own safety prevented her.

Art leaned over the prostrate form. "Come, give a hand here," he said. "Raise him up till I pull off the coat—easy now, one arm at a time. There, now!" Then the sound of a heavy garment dropped on the floor. "Come, lend a hand again—draw off the shoes—be quick now."

Art stepped to the foot of the bed; he was quite near to the spot where Mercy stood. The fumes of brandy reached her nostrils. She grew dizzy, and was fearful lest she fall.

Heriot's reluctance seemed to have fallen from him. He laughed and chattered. "How obliging he is!" he crowed. "Very kind of him to change places with me, I'm sure."

"Quick! the coat from the bundle. The right arm first—now the left—steady now. Now the pants—easy—both legs at once. There, now!"

The trousers of the unconscious man were thrown with the coat on the floor. From the bundle was taken a pair of gaudy checked pants.

"On with these now—quick! No time to lose. The shoes now. Be sure they are the ones you wore that night, else they won't correspond with the measurements taken."

"I'll make no mistake as to that," the other answered with a laugh.

"Now those papers. Where are they?" Art asked, casting his eyes about.

"H—l! Where are they?" the other cried. He ran his hand into the inside pocket of the coat that had been put on the unconscious man. "Good! Here they are!" drawing out a bundle of papers.

Art ran his eyes over them. "Pshaw! Nothing of any account, but they'll answer the purpose, all right," and he carefully replaced them in the inner pocket of the coat. "Those papers, with the torn sleeve, the missing part of which is in the possession of the police, ought to prove a clear case. He'll get seven years at least. Here, get into those clothes at once, and let us be gone."

"They fit like a glove," Heriot laughed, when he had arrayed himself in the other's clothes.

Art Urquart stood looking on with a grim smile. The tie was properly adjusted at last, and Heriot cast a look of approval at himself in the glass.

"H—l, but I look swell! Wouldn't his own mother take me for her son?"

Art stepped to his side, and laid a hand upon his arm. When he spoke his voice was like an Arctic blast.

"Remember, from this moment in which you change your coat for his, you cease to be Jack Heriot and become Jack Urquart."

"And I'm to have a thousand dollars a year and live in tip-top style?"

"So long as you keep the secret and obey me. If you fail in either, you're Jack Heriot again, with a term in the Central awaiting you," he threatened.

"And his wife—what about her?"

"I don't fancy she'll give us much trouble. She'll detect the fraud at once, of course, that is part of the plan. But you're to be Jack Urquart, remember that!"

A moment later the two men left the room and went down the stairs.

Mercy staggered out of the closet; her head ached, and her lips were parched and dry, while her eyes shone with the brightness of fever.

When the men hastened away from the house the streets were silent and deserted. A belated taxicab came rattling along. Art Urquart hailed it and the two got in.

"To police headquarters," he said to the driver.

Twenty minutes later they drew up at the police station and Art Urquart entered. Jack Heriot remained in the cab, admiring his new clothes, and congratulating himself. His qualms of conscience had long since disappeared.

Art walked into the station and accosted a detective sergeant.

"You're looking for a fellow named

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Jack Heriot, I believe?" he asked.

"We are. We'd give a mighty nice penny to find that fellow."

"Highway robbery is the charge against him, I believe?" said Art.

"One of the charges, but there are several others," replied the detective.

"He is thought to be the man who robbed Mr. Henry and his wife, is he not?"

"The same! Mr. Henry has offered five hundred dollars reward for his capture," the sleuth said.

"Mr. Henry also lost some valuable papers, I believe?"

"Yes, he lost some papers that he's anxious to recover," the sergeant replied, wondering why the other appeared so interested.

"I see," Art replied. "I believe I can help him recover those papers." He slowly drew a folded paper from his pocket. "Does this answer the description of the papers lost by Mr. Henry?"

The sergeant scanned the paper closely, and his face brightened.

"This is undoubtedly one of the papers lost by Mr. Henry. But wait, I'll call the chief. He will know the particulars."

A few minutes later Chief Burwash was scanning the papers intently. A memoranda book was referred to and his face expressed satisfaction.

"This is one of Mr. Henry's missing papers. Where did you get it?"

"It came into my possession about an hour ago. While returning from Lower Town, I was set upon by a footpad, who demanded my money. I refused, and a short tussle followed. Finding that he could not get my purse by force, he ran down the street. I noticed this paper drop from his pocket, and picked it up. I thought perhaps it might help to identify him. Glancing over it, I thought it might prove a connecting link in the Henry robbery. So I brought it to you."

"Quite right! But you should have followed the man, Mr. ——"

"Urquart," the other supplied.

Immediately the chief's manner became more courteous and friendly. The Urquarts were wealthy, and the chief reverenced wealth. Art was quick to note the change, and smiled in the knowledge of power.

"It's a pity, Mr. Urquart, that some of our men were not on hand to follow the man. That fellow is wanted badly. He has played hide-and-seek with the force for weeks."

"It wasn't necessary, chief. I followed the fellow myself. I delight in a bit of detective work now and then."

"I'm glad to hear that," the chief cried, in pleased surprise.

"Yes; I followed him to a house in Hull. If you go there at once you will find him, I think. I watched the house for some time, thinking he might possibly leave again. Soon after he entered a light appeared in an upper window on the left. From the shadow that fell upon the shade I concluded that he was retiring, and soon after the light was extinguished."

The chief gave a quick peremptory order to the sergeant, then turned again to Art Urquart.

"If we succeed in capturing the fellow, it will be owing to your information, Mr. Urquart. Will you leave me your address?"

The address was given and also the address of the house occupied by Mrs. Heriot in Hull. A moment later Art Urquart entered the waiting taxicab and was driven with his companion to the Grande, where the real Jack Urquart had previously engaged a room.

Jack Urquart, robbed of his position and name, is sentenced to serve a term in prison under the name of Jack Heriot, while Urquart's wife Grace is forced to live in fear of the man who is posing as her husband. What do you think most women would do under such conditions? The next installment, replete with tense situations, unravels this dramatic point.

How She Met Him.

"WELL, how was the tea?" asked her older sister as the rosy freshman came in from an informal reception at the college girls' dormitory.

"Wait till I put up my things and I'll tell you all about it," the freshman girl replied with much animation.

"I didn't know any men were going to be there," she continued, after disposing of books and wraps and curling up in the colonial chair. "It's the first one I ever went to, and they had simply invited me to come in off the campus and have some tea. So I went in as I was, wearing this old blue serge. And the very first thing I saw in the hall was a fellow I know, playing the piano—divinely! I didn't know he could play, so I was somewhat surprised. His back was toward the door and a lot of girls were around him, so I slipped thru without being seen and escaped to a dim corner by the stairs.

"You see, he has been sitting right next to me in the English class since the first of the year and half the time I haven't even said 'Good morning.' I was so angry at having missed all those chances to make a friend of this wonderful musician that I must have looked pale and bashful, for one of the older girls came to my corner and said to me: "'Why don't you go over and have some tea? You mustn't give way to that timid feeling. All the freshmen have to overcome it.'

"I must have said something that sounded funny, for she went straight to a bunch of seniors and told them something that made them look in my direction and laugh. I stood quietly in the shadow and gazed blankly past the dancing couples into the fire."

"Heavens! You?" her sister commented.

"I'll admit it does sound remarkable," continued the college girl. "Well, I gazed into the fire and noticed that the blazes from the logs were so bright that they made the thin little flames from the candles on the tea table look just as white and shaky as I felt. About that time another senior came and took my arm and piloted me over to where they were serving tea and sandwiches and delicious cakes.

"It was so near the piano I didn't know what I should do, so I kept quiet as a bank of snow and hoped that he might not see me. I was so ashamed of my clothes.

"But that very minute he quit playing and turned and recognized me. Instead of having enough presence of mind to be real cordial so he wouldn't notice that I wasn't wearing something light and fluffy, I nodded just as stiffly as I had been doing in class. Then I put down my unfinished plate and fled to the farthest corner of the parlor. It was practically deserted, because everybody was dancing in the reception rooms.

"When I got in there alone I felt my cheeks were burning hot and my hands icy cold, so I dropped down in a chair to collect my wits and stared at a restful statue on the table beside me."

The older sister affected surprise. "Goodness, what a fuss over one lone man!" she remarked.

The college girl ignored her comment. She was engrossed in her reminiscences.

"This statue represented an old immigrant holding a baby," she continued. "The longer I looked at it the more I saw in it. I imagined that she was the mother of about a dozen children older than this, and that, being so poor, she had to leave this last child with some charitable institution while she went out to work to support the other children. Her face seemed so sad and tender, as if she were holding the baby for the last time. Her crudely clad shoulders drooped so despairingly. And in spite of their knots, her rough old hands were so clingingly caressing. The whole thing expressed poverty, love, renunciation and courage without hope.

"For several minutes I sat there completely under the spell of that statute. In fact, I was thinking how I would take a course in sculpture and learn thru that medium to express emotions that others can feel, when I looked up, and there—there stood the fellow I was telling you about! He must have been standing there watching me for a second or two, for he said:

"'I never dreamed that a formal little person like you could have such genuine appreciation of art!' And I ——"

"Wait a minute, there's the telephone," her older sister interrupted, "I must answer it."

"Oh, no, I must," exclaimed the college girl as she scrambled out of the colonial chair. "He said he would call me up as soon as I got home."

Just Pets.

"I SEE where the aldermen are seriously considering abolishing all forms of pets," remarked the man with the stogie.

"I'm with them heart and soul!" snapped the man with the corncob pipe. "There should be no pets in a town of this size. I heartily believe that a farmer, for instance, should keep a dog about the place, if his farm is about 500 acres in extent."

"Sure! But we need them in town, too," returned the man with the stogie. "Many a little city home is brightened by the presence of some domestic animal. And I'm a firm believer in the theory that kindness can be taught to the younger generation by using pets.

"I have a fine mastiff for my oldest boy to play with. And that mastiff is a wonder. He stands about six hands on the hoof and he's the envy of the neighbors. When my boy is out with his pet there is no one will come within a block of him. It's making the child very exclusive in his manner."

"No doubt," said the man with the corncob pipe.

"For my second child I have secured three of the most beautiful cats you ever saw. I'll admit they are of the alley variety, but pedigrees in cats mean nothing to me. Those cats love that child dearly. Yet we have bilious neighbors who object because they sometimes carry out their natural bent and sing thru the vigils of the night.

"Our youngest child has a goat for a playmate. I sometimes believe a goat is a natural companion for a little one—they are both so kiddish, you know. The goat has taught my baby more agility in a day than he could acquire otherwise in a lifetime. It is a common sight to see them both atop the garage gamboling like a pair of Swiss angoras. To have one's child grow up with the sure footedness of an ibex is worth something."

"He'll make a tight rope walker or a politician," growled the corncob pipe man.

"I'll admit that the goat, too, draws the fire of the neighbors' sharp tongues," said the stogie smoker. "And if I acquire the brindle cow that I intend to give my wife for her birthday present there is no doubt a petition of protest will go around for the sour guys to affix their signatures to. This is a peculiar world."

"Very peculiar," retorted the man with the corncob pipe, "and I want to be numbered among them. The man with pets should be on a large ranch where he and his neighbors can get along without coming in contact."

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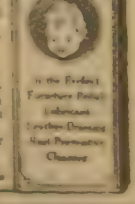

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Compromise.

Secretary Daniels said at a dinner in Washington:

"The Germans are already beaten, and we must not listen to their pacifist talk about a compromise peace.

"Compromise! Compromise makes me think of the story of Calhoun Clay.

"Cal said to Washington White one evening:

"'Washin'ton, last night I was tempted, sore tempted, sorely.

"'Ye know Wash, I usetter steal, but since I got religion I guv it up. Last night, tho, in Peter Smith's shoe store I seen a pair of cowhide boots just my size, No. 14, and the devil he say to me, 'Take 'em, take 'em,' but the Lord say, 'No, let 'em alone; it's stealin'.

"'You bet, Wash, I was tempted. I sure wanted them boots. Mine was all busted out at the back and sides. Yep, me and the devil both said, 'Take 'em.' The Lord said, 'No, it's stealin';' but there was a majority of two to one again' the Lord. And just then Mr. Peter Smith went inside, and there was my chance.

"'The devil said, 'Take 'em quick now and skidaddle.' I knowed I could take 'em and stick 'em under my coat, and get right away without nobody ever knowin'. But bress the Lord! Bress the Lord! I stood the temptation, Wash. I compromised, and took a pair of shoes.'"

Signs of the Times.

An elderly farmer hitched his team to a telegraph post.

"Here," exclaimed the policeman, "you can't hitch there!"

"Can't hitch!" shouted the irate farmer. "Well, why have you a sign up, 'Line for Hitching'?"

Candid Butler.

William H. Crocker of San Francisco, who recently rebuilt a war-wrecked French village at his own expense, tells, apropos of the wine shortage, an amusing story.

"A friend of mine"—so Mr. Crocker's story runs—"is remarkable for the bad wines he keeps. My friend, entertaining some rather important guests one evening, turned to his new butler and said:

"'Higgs, is this the best claret?'

"'No, sir,' said Higgs, solemnly, 'it ain't, but it's the best you've got.'"

Guilty!

The lawyer was trying hard for his client, and was setting the points out in a logical manner. There was one thing he was not quite clear about, and he accordingly said:

"Now, sir, you state that my client knocked you down, and then disappeared in the darkness. What time of the night was this?"

The complainant smiled.

"I can't say exactly," he answered dryly. "Your client had my watch."

The German Way.

The German—"Of course, I promised you self-determination."

The Ukrainian, bitterly—"Well?"

The German—"But I didn't say whether I meant yourself or myself to do the determining, did I?"

Only Married Ones.

"The woman over there hasn't a single friend."

"I guess that is because she is such a nuisance of a matchmaker."

Any Smokin', Hank?

Lew Todd—"And why would you rather have had Carrie pick out Hank Woods fer your son-in-law?"

Brad Wilks—"Hank smokes the same brand o' terbaccy I do."

Kind Lady—"How is this? You say you are deaf and dumb and your sign says you are blind."

Beggar—"Pardon me, madam. Me valet musta hung de wrong sign on me this mornin'."

A Ban on Loafing.

"Have you found a place in the country to spend your vacation this summer?"

"No," replied Mr. Glipping. "I have made inquiries, but I don't believe there is a farm in America where there will be enough loafing done this summer to enable a person of my disposition to loll all day in a hammock and escape criticism."

Expected a Return.

Mandy—"What foh yo' been goin' to the postoffice so reglar? Are yo' correspondin' wif some other female?"

Rastus—"Nope; but since Ah been readin' in the papah 'bout dese conscience funds Ah kind o' thot Ah might possibly git a lettah from dat minister what married us."

Mistaken Identity.

"I just dropped in again today," said the lady, "to see those lovely sideboards you had last week."

"Not me, madam," replied the callow salesman. "I ain't never been able to raise even a mustache."

Safety First.

"Why are you hurrying so, my boy?" queried the minister.

"I want to get home as quick as I can," returned the lad. "Mother's going to whip me, and if I don't get there before dad does, he'll do it."

Tommy's Idea of Rank.

Master—"What! Forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier who went to war without a gun?"

Tommy—"I'd think he was an officer, sir."

Quite Possible.

Camou—"Is Bill a kleptomaniac?"

Flage—"I don't know, but every time he meets me he says, 'Let's take something.'"

Recommended to the Limit.

Proprietor of Employment Agency (who has been showing his supply of butlers to Mrs. Van Dammster)—"The Frenchman, madam, would make you a splendid butler."

Mrs Van Dammster—"But I don't like his manner. I fear he's precipitate."

Proprietor—"Precipitate! Oh, madam, you really do the man an injustice! He is anything but precipitate. Why, the lady he worked for last told me he wasn't even precipitate enough to dance the hesitation waltz on a toboggan slide!"

A Weather Note.

"What would happen if I were to come to your office on a bright, sunny morning and ask you to lend me $50?" said the man who is always in financial difficulties.

"I can tell you in a few words," answered the thrifty citizen. "The morning would become cloudy."

Payment in Kind.

"Jim says the doctor is treating him for a benignant tumor?"

"Then I suppose his fee will be a benevolent assimilation of Jim's cash."

Its Kind.

"My wife puts down her foot at the least luxury I want to indulge in."

"Oh, that's just her thrift stamp."

A Slow Caller.

"Say, Mary, hasn't that young man been down there a long time to go to?"

"I guess not, guv'nor's money, don't you know," was dad, and what's the reply.

more, so far he The officer seemed in doubt how to has given any classify him, when a corporal standing asking near came to his assistance with a brilstart liant suggestion. one for "Put him down as a brass finisher, sir," him." he said.

Degrees.

Jess — "Her husband's jealousy used to make her wretched."

Tess — "She's much more miserable now, when he's no longer jealous of her."—Judge.

One Better.

Tess—"Harold loves me so that he can't sleep at all."

Jess — "Huh! Jack loves me so that he can't keep shortcake?"

Classified.

The son of a rich father decided that he ought to enlist and went to the recruiting station. He was asked his occupation.

"Why-er-well, just running thru the

Paid for Nothing.

"Mother," asked 7-year-old Phyllis, "is it true that the teachers at school get paid?"

"Why, of course they do," said her mother.

"But that is not fair," complained Phyllis indignantly. "Why should any one pay them when we do all the work?"

No Doubt.

"The sentiment now is against strikes of all kinds."

"That so? It is going to make baseball interesting."

Economy.

"Why can't I have some more strawberry shortcake?"

"Because it's short all right."

His Objection.

Agent—"This vacuum bottle will keep anything hot or cold for 72 hours."

Mr. Tipples—"Don't want it. If I have anything worth drinking I don't want to keep it 72 hours."

Doctor—"Well, Mrs. Doughty, I hope your husband has taken his medicine regularly, heh?"

Mrs. Doughty—"Somewhat, doctor, but I'm all at sea. The label says: 'One pill to be taken three times a day.' And for the life of me I don't see how it can be taken more than once."

No Resisting These Officers.

Church—"I hear you have policewomen in New York now?"

Gotham—"Yes, we have."

"Have you seen 'em?"

"Oh, yes."

"Think they'll be efficient in making arrests?"

"I can't see how any man could resist them."

Identification Marks.

Three little girls each had received a silver spoon as a Christmas gift.

"Mine has 'From Your Papa' on the handle," said Georgia.

"Mine says 'To My Loving Daughter,'" chimed in Margaret.

"And mine," said Mabel proudly, "says 'Hotel Auditorium.'"

Not Satisfied.

Mrs. Newrich—"Me and John have had our portraits painted by four American artists, and not one of them is satisfactory. After the war we intend to go abroad and see what the old masters can do."

Next.

Sub-Editor—"A correspondent wishes to know why they whitewash the inside of a henhouse."

Editor—"Tell him it's to keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."

Complimentary.

He—"That's a remarkably bright girl I was just talking to."

She—"But isn't it rather hard to keep up with her?"

He—"That's just it. I can't tell you what a relief it was to meet you."

Exchange by Courtesies.

"You farmers buy a good many gold bricks, eh?"

"Yes, and you city fellows buy a good deal of swamp land. I guess things are about even."

Valueless Here.

Mr. Will Dolson came from Cross Corners, Ohio, to visit friends in Cleveland.

Mr. Dolson, a droll fellow in his way, said that since the daylight saving plan went into effect at his town he figured that he had saved about ten hours which he would like to trade for something useful."

He couldn't make a trade, tho. All he made the offer to said they couldn't see any value in ten hours at Cross Corners.

Conservation.

Henry Slocum reports a church janitor released for more productive war work at Kansas, Ohio.

In his place, the notary public rings the Methodist church bell for prayer meetings, the justice of peace for preaching services and the superintendent for Sabbath school on Sunday.

What He Feared.

"No, the fear of failing never enters my head," said the aviator to his gaping hearers.

"What scares me is the danger of stalling my engine about two miles up and not being able to get down."

The Sage.

Hokus—"How did he acquire his reputation for such great wisdom?"

Pokus—"That's easy. There isn't a subject under the sun about which he can't remain silent and look wise."—Judge.

Patriotic.

"Why don't you have your relative examined by an alienist?"

"I guess not. An American doctor is good enough for me."

Faith.

"Would have more prayer answered," said Bishop Hoss of Muskogee, "if we had more faith."

"Too many of us are like Willie. Willie, on a visit to his uncle's in the country, admired a fine colt.

"'Uncle, give me that colt, will you?' he asked.

"'Why, no, William,' said his uncle. 'That's a very valuable colt, and I couldn't afford to give him to you. Do you want a colt so very badly?'

"'I'd rather have a colt than anything else in the world,' said Willie.

"'Then,' said his uncle, 'I'll tell you what you ought to do. Since you want a colt that much, you ought to pray for one. Whenever I want a thing I always pray for it, and then it is sure to come to me.'

"'Is that so, uncle?' said Willie, eagerly. 'Won't you please give me this colt, then, and pray for one for yourself?'"

Optimism.

A gentleman was making an address in which he was trying to impress upon his hearers the fact that they would get more satisfaction out of life if they looked upon the bright side of things.

"And though whenever the chance comes," said he, "Why, my dear friends, there is humor all about us. There are funny things before us all the time."

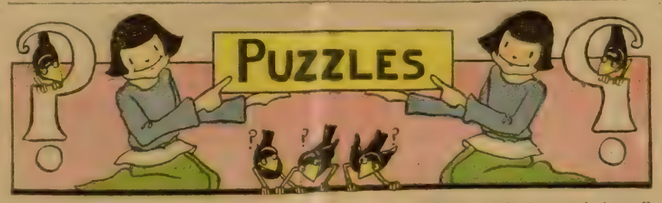
"So I see," said an attentive fellow in a front seat.

Willing to Please.

Host (to new cook)—"We want you to show what you can do tonight, Jane. We have some rather special people coming for a musical evening. Do your very best, you know."

Cook—"Sure, sir, that I will. It's a long time since I did any singing, but you can put me down for a couple of comic songs, if you like."

First Insurance Man—"So you think Jones has already insured his car?"
Second I. M.—"Sure, he's letting his wife drive it."



Double Words.

63—Fill the blanks in each sentence with words pronounced alike but spelled differently. Example: Pail, pale:

1, When Carl is —— to the store he is given a —— to spend. 2, No —— man would try to cross the —— in that boat. 3, I cannot make head or —— of that ——. 4, He is a person of —— disposition and cowardly ——. 5, It —— to me you can make straighter —— if you try. 6, The great —— did not —— to notice his tormentor. 7, At the —— of the bell, Mabel dropped the fruit she was ——.

Menagerie of the Heavens.

64—The following, transposed, some of these creatures found among the constellations and heavenly bodies:

1, A glee. 4, Loin. 7, Dog ran.
2, Flow. 5, Repents. 8, Mar.
3, Hear. 6, Fear fig. 9, Bare great.
10, Iron cops.

Fractional Puzzle.

65—Two-sevenths of chicken, one-third of ice, two-thirds of cat and one-half of goat. The whole is one of the largest cities in the United States.

Hidden Diamonds.

66

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. . . . . .
. . . . .
. . .
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1, A letter in army. 2, A garden implement. 3, A tropical shrub from which a dye is made. 4, A Western State. 5, To decree. 6, A small insect. 7, A letter in army.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

59. Dingonal.

S T A R T
T A B O R
A B O V E
R O V E S
T R E S S

60. Cross-word Enigma.

Nightingale.

61. Oblique Puzzle.

```
    R
  P I N
R I V E R
N E V E R
  R E G A L
    R A Z O R
      L O G I C
        R I G H T
          C H A I N
            T I P
              N
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62. A Pig Problem.

The farmer already has eight pigs.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

"Are you doing anything for the preservation of our art cities?"
"You bet I am. I sell cosmetics."

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GENTLE JABS.

Worry is a good friend of the undertaker.

Some men can't even hope to have brain fever.

This world contains an oversupply of average men.

Some men take what is in sight and hustle for more.

The lass whose lover goes to sea sheds many a private tear.

A man may know a dollar at sight and still not know its value.

Many a fluent talker never says the right thing at the right time.

One woman seldom calls on another unless she has a secret to tell.

It sometimes happens that a man's bluntness is due to his sharpness.

There is electricity in a kiss, says a scientist. Certainly it can shock.

The trouble with most men is that they have to die to be appreciated.

Some presidential timber is unavailable because it is too stiff to bend.

The best diamonds are of the first water—but it's different with milk.

It takes a strong-minded woman to keep her calendar torn off up to date.

Some men stand by their convictions, while others sit by their conclusions.

The average man is apt to believe what the world doesn't say about him.

A woman may talk until things get serious and then give the man a chance.

Few men can refrain from boasting about the good acts they do by mistake.

Don't give your candid opinion to a friend unless you are tired of that friend.

After a man once reaches the top he never talks about the surplus room up there.

Happy is the individual who sees things as they should be instead of as they are.

There is always a breath of suspicion about the man who carries cloves in his vest pocket.

Some men don't know that they are beaten until long after other people make the discovery.

When a married woman elopes with another woman's husband it's hard to tell who is entitled to sympathy.

The world is probably a little larger than you think it is, and you are probably a little smaller than you thought you were.

A successful merchant says: "My success is probably due to the fact that at night I store my mind and during the day I mind my store."

Your Kitchen in War Time

Getting Ready for Winter

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

THOSE of us that live in small towns, and even some of us who live in the big cities, have gardens. This year, under the stress of wartime conditions and because of the urging of the food administration, we have devoted every available bit of space to the raising of vegetables. Not a few of us also can boast of currant bushes, cherry trees and perhaps even an apple or peach tree. We take great pride in these growing possessions of ours, and stand ready to do our share in conserving the products of our gardens for next winter's use.

Most housewives know a great deal about canning fruit, but there are any number of us who are not so experienced with preserving vegetables. Without a doubt there will be a big surplus of these this year, and with a little effort they can either be dried or preserved. What is known as the cold-pack method is best for putting up vegetables. Some of us are acquainted with this system but for those of us who are not, Farmers' Bulletin No. 853 will be of great help. You can get this little booklet by writing to the Department of Agriculture, in Washington, D. C. It not only tells you how to preserve fruits and vegetables, but also how to dry them.

Home-canned foods are a distinct economy, even when the housewife has to purchase her fruits or vegetables. Care should be taken in selecting fruit and vegetables for canning or drying. Only firm, ripe, perfect specimens should be considered, and scrupulous care must be taken to see that both jars and covers are thoroly sterilized. On the whole, a little thought and a small amount of effort will go a long way in helping you to have a variety of good food for your table next winter.

PRUNE CONSERVE—2 dozen prunes, 1-3 pound raisins, 2 oranges, 1-3 cup corn sirup, ½ cup water, ¼ cup nut meats.

Dried apricots or peaches may be used in this recipe. Wash and cut prunes in pieces; add chopped raisins and orange pulp and peel, cut very fine; then add corn sirup and water. Cook slowly until it is the consistency of marmalade. Add chopped nuts five minutes before removing from fire.

CARROT HONEY—Take 1 pint grated raw carrot, 2 cups white sirup and 2 lemons. Mix ingredients and add the grated rind of 1 lemon. Heat slowly and simmer the mixture until it is thick and clear. Turn into scalded jelly glasses and when cold cover with hot paraffin. Serve with cold meat or as a sauce for puddings.

SCOTCH ORANGE MARMALADE—To two pints ground oranges (pulp, rind and juice) add two pounds of honey and cook to a thick marmalade.

Peach Fritters.

MAKE a thick, rich batter of barley flour, sour milk and soda, with a little baking powder, add 2 cups of chopped peaches without their juice. Sweeten with ½ cup of sugar and drop from a spoon into a hot pan and fry until brown on both sides. Serve hot with brown sugar sirup or the heated juice slightly sweetened and thickened.

Another way to make fritters is to make a thin batter the same way and dip each half of peach into it and fry in deep fat.

Stuffed Beets With Aspic Jelly.

FILL cooked beet shells with chopped beet mixed with shredded celery, finely cut cucumber and chopped nut meats marinated with French dressing. Serve the beets on individual salad plates, garnish with chopped aspic jelly, crisp lettuce leaves and ripe olives. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Tomato cases may be used in the same way in place of the beets and chopped sweet green peppers substituted for the nuts if preferred.

Tomato Sauce.

COOK 2 cups of tomatoes about 10 minutes and press thru strainer. Melt 1 tablespoonful butter in saucepan and beat into it 1 tablespoonful barley flour. When smooth and light, add tomato pulp. The tomato mixture must be added gradually while stirring constantly to insure a smooth sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper and cook about 10 minutes. This sauce may be served with macaroni, spaghetti and rice, as well as with fish and meat.

Baked Stuffed Eggplant.

WASH and wipe eggplant and cut in quarters, lengthwise. Remove pulp close to the skin, taking care not to break the shell. Pass pulp thru meat grinder and drain. Bring the pulp to boiling point with 1½ cups ham stock and boil about 20 minutes. Add ¾ cup coarse bread crumbs, 4 tablespoonfuls melted shortening, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice, 1 teaspoonful salt and 1 slightly beaten egg. Fill shells with this mixture, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes.

Jellied Fish.

MIX 1½ cups cold flaked fish with 2 tablespoonfuls finely chopped capers and put in mold. Soften 1 tablespoonful gelatin in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water, add 1 cup boiling water and stir until the gelatin dissolves. Cool and add 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice and ¼ teaspoonful salt. Pour the jelly over the fish and set in a cool place to chill. Slice and serve on heart lettuce with French dressing.

Apricot Marshmallows.

DRAIN the sirup from a can of apricots and arrange the halves on a serving dish. Place on top of each half a marshmallow which has been partly melted and top with another apricot half; decorate the plate with leaves or ferns and serve with small cakes.

The sirup from the apricots should be heated, and when they are served it should be poured over them. This makes a delicious and simple dessert.

Jellied Spinach and Bean Salad.

RUB 2 cupfuls of cooked spinach thru a sieve; then beat into it 2½ cupfuls of liquid aspic jelly and pour into a wet ring mold.

Turn out, when firm, on a large salad dish, fill the center with cold cooked beans mixed with French dressing and garnish with slices of hard cooked eggs and watercress. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

A Sausage Novelty.

BOIL some sausages for about twenty minutes, just covered with water, then remove the skins. Line the bottom of a piedish with mashed potatoes, put in a layer of sausage meat, then a layer of sliced tomatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper. Repeat until the dish is full; the top layer should consist of potato. Mark with a fork and bake in a hot oven until a golden brown.

Italian Tomato Sauce.

COOK ½ cup finely chopped onion, ½ cup grated turnip, ½ cup grated carrot and ½ cup finely cut green peppers in 4 tablespoonsfuls butterine until tender. Add 2 cups tomato and 2 teaspoonfuls salt and cook about 5 minutes. Press thru strainer, return to fire, add 2 tablespoonfuls flour mixed with 2 tablespoonfuls cold water and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly.

Cheese and Pimento Salad.

STUFF canned pimentos with cream cheese, chill, cut into thin slices and serve one or two slices to each person on lettuce leaves with French dressing.

More Potato Novelties.

MEAT PIE WITH POTATO CRUST—2 cups cooked meat, 1 cup stock, 1 tablespoonful fat, ¼ tablespoonful flour, ¼ teaspoonful salt and pepper, 2 cups mashed potatoes.

Put diced meat into a baking dish. Add brown sauce made of fat, flour, seasonings, and stock. Cover top with mashed potatoes, brush with fat and brown in oven. Fish may be used instead of meat if desired.

POTATO CORNMEAL MUFFINS—2 tablespoonfuls fat, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 egg, well beaten, 1 cup milk, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup cornmeal, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt.

Mix in order given. Bake 40 minutes in hot oven. This makes 12 muffins. They are delicious.

STEWED POTATOES.—Cut cold baked or boiled potatoes into dice, put into a stewpan with salt, a tiny bit of onion minced fine, and milk enough to half cover the potatoes. Set on the back of the stove and stew slowly, stirring with a fork occasionally until all the milk is taken up. Season with fat and pepper and serve.

WHITE POTATO CUSTARD PIE—2 cups riced baked potato, 4 eggs beaten slightly, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup fat, ½ cup thin cream or top milk, juice and rind of one lemon.

Mix in the order given. Beat hard for 5 minutes. Pour into pans lined with oatmeal pastry crust. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes or until custard is set. This makes two pies. Cooked in the form of patties, this will make eight.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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Age?____ How old is Goitre?____ yrs.
Nervous?____ Hands Tremble?____
Do eyes bulge?____ Does heart beat too rapidly?____ Health?____
Name____
Address____

612

To the Wife of One who Drinks

If this should reach the eyes of a wife, mother or friend of some good man who drinks liquor to excess and cannot overcome the self-ruining habit, let her write to Edward J. Woods, DA-178, Station F, New York, N. Y., for confidential information which is likely to bring great joy—a complete victory over the drink habit.

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Work spare time or full time. You will find this to be a sure and big money maker. A prospect in every home. Easy to demonstrate. Often sell five to one family. Miles sold 34 in 14 hrs. Hass sold 60 in 3 days. Edith Remor made over $50 in a little more than a week. Write quick for agency and samples.

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Action Comes Thick and Fast in This Installment of

Attila of the Destroying Rays

By Stephen Gaillard

Events of the Story to Date

WHEN a ring of murdering German agents gets hold of Professor Leanderthal, it tries to place him under the spell of a beautiful vampire woman in order to get him to finish an invention which will make war impossible. The spies desire it for Germany, so that nation can dominate the world by wiping out all opposing armies. A Turk, who is one of the spies, falls in love with the professor's daughter. He drugs her and is about to attempt to carry out his vile aim when the girl's sweetheart rescues her and takes her to her uncle's house. Soon after this the uncle is murdered. The girl's sweetheart, whose name is Warfield, goes to Frontivard, the great detective, and explains the case. The detective connects the murder with a strange chain of murders. He sends Warfield straight to the murdered man's house, and tells him to guard the girl, Caroline, day and night, and plunges into the thrilling case. Matthew Lehmann, a newspaper man who has been exposing German propaganda in America, and who was supposed to have been slain by the murder ring, suddenly and mysteriously appears at Frontivard's apartments. The Germans had slain his brother by mistake, and Lehmann had fled to Florida. He tells Frontivard of how he had helped an old smuggler out of trouble, and that in return the smuggler had taken him to a great isolated fortress of rock in the Atlantic off the South American coast and showed him a German fleet composed of many ships anchored in a wonderful harbor inside the great rock cliffs. His story shows that the ships are a part of a gigantic plot to bring America to her knees and place her under the rule of Attila. Frontivard and his aids leave immediately for the laboratory, where the professor has his destroying ray machine. The spies are there watching experiments. From concealment, Frontivard and his aids watch the professor demonstrate the power of the destroying ray machine to the spies gathered about him in his laboratory. Later, Frontivard gains access, slays a fierce leopard pet left there by the vampire woman, Zara Lal, and then uses the powerful rays to destroy all trace of the dead beast. Soon after this Frontivard traps and slays The Killer, who slaughters marked men for the spy ring. But in retaliation, the spy ring kills one of Frontivard's aids, and Warfield and Caroline are kidnaped.

The earlier chapters of this story may be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers, or thru our office. The story began in issue No 25, dated June 22

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

IT WAS noon and the black car, with Van Arsdale in the chauffeur's seat, and Frontivard, Reverdy and Lehmann in the tonneau, turned out of Sheridan Road into the narrower one which led to "Gruenewald." It was a glorious spring day. The heat, which for a week had been far from normal for the season, was tempered by the breeze which blew in from the lake; the trees, the well-kept lawns, the beds of crocus and tulips, freshened by the storm of two nights before, made a rural setting of the rarest beauty for luxurious cottages, bungalows and more pretentious villas of wealthy suburbanites that lined the road. "Gruenewald" was one of the largest mansions in the northern environs of Highland Park. The grounds in which it stood, enclosed within a stone wall seven or eight feet in height, were surrounded on three sides by dense groves which extended to the lake, while on the fourth side the wall ran parallel with the roadway.

"What do you expect to find here?" asked Lehmann, as the car bowled along over the smooth, well-kept macadam.

"Nothing," said Frontivard laconically.

"Except Professor Leanderthal?" queried Lehmann in rejoinder.

"I do not expect to find Leanderthal," replied Frontivard.

"What! Do you think——?" asked Lehmann.

"I think nothing; I wish to know; therefore I am going to verify what I almost consider to be a certainty," Frontivard answered.

"Ah, I see; you believe that he has been kidnaped also?" ventured Lehmann.

"My friend, I believe these devils have struck all along the line. Can you not see that, sagacious as they are, they would not have ventured the killing of McDermott and the abduction of Miss Leanderthal and Warfield unless they were also prepared to secure the person of the young lady's father, together with the terrible machine of which he is the inventor? Unless they were ready to withdraw from Leanderthal's house, in which the abduction, added to the murder of Hermann Leanderthal, would have rendered their position quite untenable—the attention of the most obtuse police officials would be almost certain to be drawn to them in the course of the investigation of the two affairs—if indeed, as is highly probable, they were not ready to withdraw from Chicago altogether, in order to perfect their preparations, elsewhere, for the attack upon this country which we have so much reason to believe is impending?"

The car had by this time reached the gate of "Gruenewald" and turned into it. Three minutes later Van Arsdale brought the machine to a stop in front of the mansion. It looked deserted. The blinds were drawn before all of the windows, there was not a sign of life anywhere. Frontivard, Reverdy and the journalist leaped out of the car and ran up the steps leading to the portico. Crossing it Frontivard tried the front door. It was locked. He rang the bell. No sound within the house answered it.

"Hum! It appears that my surmise was correct; however, we will make sure."

He descended the steps of the portico and led the way around the house. He tried a rear door. It was locked also. Without a moment's hesitation he picked the lock. Reverdy, long used to the resolute and decisive character of his friend, when, in his opinion, circumstances seemed to warrant the laying aside of scruples, exhibited no surprise at the act; but Lehmann looked at the detective in astonishment.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is no better than burglary."

"What of it? We are fighting for the honor of a woman, the life of a man, the safety of a Nation. Do you perchance imagine that I will let empty scruples hamper me in the struggle?" and Frontivard led the way into the passage upon which the door opened.

It was as he predicted. The house was empty.

They went thru it from top to bottom. Everything had been left just as if the occupants had merely gone for a stroll and might be expected to return at any time. The drawing-room, the library, the Professor's study, his daughter's boudoir, all had been left as if in momentary expectation of the inmates' return. In the whole vast mansion nothing, apparently, had been changed, nothing removed. Yet to the three men who traversed the lonely chambers the atmosphere of that silent house was oppressive with a sense of tragedy. The glorious sunshine outside accentuated it, the sighing of the breeze among the trees made seem more still the stillness within. To their high-wrought imaginations it was uncanny, horrible. They next visited the laboratory. The terrible machines—the one which Frontivard and Reverdy had seen in operation, and the larger one which had not at that time been completed—were both gone.

"My friend," said Frontivard to Lehmann as they left the laboratory, "would it by any chance be possible for a telegram to reach Del Roca, the captain of Red Lark?"

Lehmann looked at him in astonishment. "Why yes," he said, "it would, providing he is not on the high seas. He has a confederate at Key West whom I know. A telegram in his care would reach Del Roca if any message could."

"Well," said the detective, "there is one more investigation I mean to make to assure myself that my intuition—I may hardly call it reasoning—is correct, and then—I think you may send a telegram."

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHEN TWO STRONG MEN STAND FACE TO FACE."

INGLESIDE AVENUE was silent and deserted on account of the unreasonably hot afternoon. The heat was almost oppressive. That may have been partly the reason why blinds were drawn and sidewalks deserted. Of wheel traffic there was only an occasional automobile, whirling suddenly into view around some corner and as suddenly disappearing; or now and then a tradesman's wagon, making its way with lazy deliberation in keeping with the quietude of the street.

Around one particular house, standing back from the street in ill-kept grounds, the silence of the neighborhood seemed intensified. A fanciful imagination might have clothed the place with memories, sad or tragic according to the dreamer's bent; while the casual passer-by would have seen only a stately mansion, deserted by its owner and falling into decay.

As the Two Men Faced Each Other, Something Like Admiration Flashed in Attila's Eyes

Suddenly an automobile whirled around an adjacent corner and stopped in front of the deserted house. As it drew up to the curb Carey the Imp appeared, apparently from nowhere, and crossing the street met Frontivard as he alighted from the car.

"Nothing stirring, eh?" said the latter, "I stopped at Goethe street and got your message."

"Nothing stirring," replied Carey, "either the birds have flown or else they are lying mighty low."

"We shall soon know about that," said Frontivard. "Are the other men so posted as to guard all possible exits?"

"Yes, McIvor and Preston in front, about a hundred feet on either side of us, Lindsay and Van Dorn in the alley at the rear."

"Come on then," said Frontivard, leading the way thru the gate. Carey followed him, also Reverdy and Lehmann, who had accompanied him in the automobile.

Running up the red stone steps, Frontivard pushed the bell button vigorously. The group entered the vestibule and waited. But no footsteps within the house answered the summons of the bell.

Frontivard examined the door. "I can force it," he remarked. "Have your automatics ready, all of you, we don't know what we are going to run into," and he drew the jimmy from his pocket."

There was a tense moment as the audacious detective threw his strength upon the jimmy, a sharp crack as the fastenings of the lock gave way and the door swung open.

Whatever the different members of the party in the vestibule may have expected to find within, the reality exceeded their expectations.

They found themselves in an Oriental palace, the very ante-chamber of which outdid the splendor of Zora Lal's gorgeous apartments. A heavy odor of Eastern incense smote their senses, the unimaginable luxury of their surroundings dazzled them as they stood agape upon the threshold. Only Frontivard's brain was capable of brushing aside instantly the dazzling impression, never losing sight of his relentless purpose even for a second.

"Steady men," he said, in low and vibrant tones, "we are in the viper's den and any moment our lives may depend upon the trueness of our aim."

A broad stairway ascended from the ante-chamber, turning after a few steps and leading to the upper rooms; to the left was a curtained doorway, veiling, to their excited imaginations, still more gorgeous mysteries. With his hand on his automatic, Frontivard drew the curtain aside. From the ceiling of the chamber which he entered, followed by his companions, swung a single yellow globe in jeweled fastenings, suspended by golden chains. Tho the day was bright outside the drawn curtains made a twilight within, and the electric globe was lighted. Its mellow radiance shone upon such a profusion of silks and jewels, cushions piled high on Turkish carpets and brocade draped divans, screens and tabarets of rarest woods inlaid with gold and silver and set with precious stones, golden dragons so cunningly portrayed that they seemed to crawl along the walls, birds and beasts done in the same precious metal and in silver, with eyes of diamonds and emeralds and rubies, that the chamber might have seemed another cave of Ali Baba.

But Frontivard paid little heed to its splendor. Instead, his grim face set in deadlier grimness, and his right hand held the automatic in a readier, steadier grip.

"I think we are in a trap," he whispered. Suddenly he ceased speaking and stood still.

At the far end of the chamber was an arched doorway, hung with heavy silken curtains that made a wall of brocade in front of it. From beyond that curtain had come to the keen ears of Frontivard a sigh, a whisper, a rustle—it could scarcely be called a sound, but to him it was as a trumpet call to incredibly audacious action. A slight—a very slight—motion of head and hand warned the others to stand still where they were, still, but with pistols ready, while their leader, one hand thrust jauntily into his

coat pocket, swiftly crossed the chamber and drew aside the curtain. As he did so, and stepped into the room the curtain had hidden, lighted, like the one he had left, by a yellow electric lamp, he found himself covered by half a dozen pistols in the hands of as many men, three upon either hand, while directly in front of him, upon a divan covered with cloth of gold, sat a man whose terrible eyes burned upon him with such a baleful light as might have blazed in the the orbs of Attila the Hun as he gazed on a captive foe. It was indeed a modern Attila—Attila, Prince von Schlachtberg.

"Ah, my indefatigable reporter again," said the prince in even, sibilant tones, thru which seemed to breathe the serpent's hiss, "my servants could not treat you as as you deserved upon your first visit, but since you have forced yourself upon us again, not even stopping at house breaking this time to gain your coveted interview, they are in a position to entertain you more fittingly. What paper, may I ask, do you represent now? The Courier, or the Blade, or, perchance the Secret Service Gazette?"

"Reverdy," said Frontivard, in as even tones as if he had been in his own chamber in Goethe street, "can you hear me?"

"Yes, I can hear you, but we are covered by the pistols of three German devils in the doorway of the antechamber," replied Reverdy.

"Very well then, do not on any account make any desperate move, I am quite master of the situation," said Frontivard.

"Master of the situation—you!" hissed Von Schlachtberg. "You slave! You are trapped, beaten, helplessly, hopelessly at my mercy; and by that mighty power to which you have presumed to set yourself in opposition, you shall pay the penalty of your insolence in torture and death!"

"Prince von Schlachtberg," said Frontivard calmly, "you are making a mistake which I have never made, which s——"

"Which is what?" almost snarled Attila, his lips beginning to twitch with uncontrollable fury, even while something akin to wonder shone in his eyes at his prisoner's dauntless bearing.

"That of underrating your antagonist.' said Frontivard.

A terrible smile distorted the lips of Attila.

"Prince von Schlachtberg," continued Frontivard, "when I entered this chamber I calculated upon the cruelty of your nature; I knew you would not want me to die a quick and easy death from the pistols of your assassins here; I knew you would want to torture me and exult in my agony. The desire to gratify the cravings of your tiger nature has cost you dear. Prince von Schlachtberg, I have you covered! And if one of these jackals here to right and left of me pulls a trigger, your death is written in the book of fate."

There came from Von Schlachtberg something like a gasp—a hissing intake of the breath; but he sat still, still as death. One swift glance informed him that he was indeed at Frontivard's mercy, for his confederates, tho on either hand of their intended victim, were also in front of him and in such positions that his steady eyes covered them all, while the hand in the pocket of his coat, thrust slightly forward, showed Attila the outline beneath the cloth of an automatic pistol pointed at his heart.

If there had been a menace of barbaric ferocity in Von Schlachtberg in the moment of his triumph, there was also something sublime in the simplicity with which he accepted the situation.

"Demon," he said, "I know not what you are, journalist, detective, government agent, or what; but whatever you are you are worthy to be called terrible; and by whatever name you are known, I add to it another: 'The Terrible.' I admit defeat. I am beaten." Then to his astonished followers: "Drop your weapons, men, the game is lost."

"And those others also who are covering my friends yonder," said Frontivard.

Attila raised his voice and called, and in another moment three other men entered a side door of the chamber. The first moment of astonished surprise passed, Von Schlachtberg's men accepted the situation as calmly as did he, seating themselves about the apartment with bent heads and eyes fixed upon the floor.

"Reverdy," called Frontivard, "come here with the others."

When his companions had entered he said, scarcely glancing at them: "Keep your eyes on these jackals and your pistols ready. And now, Prince von Schlachtberg, let us talk."

"Most willingly, for there is much that I wish to know," the Prince replied.

"And I also," said Frontivard.

"Will you be the questioner then, or will you permit me, your vanquished foe?" The tiger in Von Schlachtberg was submerged, and he remained only the suave man of the world.

"You first," said Frontivard, "all that I will tell you may be briefly told."

"As I have said, then, I know not who you are," declared the Prince, "tho when I saw you once before you masqueraded as a reporter; but for a week past I have felt your presence and your opposition. A few nights ago my car was followed from a certain place, I know now that you were my pursuer."

"How do you know?" Frontivard asked.

"Because by some miracle of cunning you kept the trail I tried to throw you off from and followed me to this place, else you would not be here now."

Frontivard smiled. "Well?" he said.

"A certain valued servant of mine met a mysterious death, I know now that you slew him," the Prince said calmly.

"How do you know?" the detective queried.

"Because only your cunning could have overmatched his and taken him off his guard."

Frontivard smiled grimly. "Well?"

"I think now that you, demon that you are, were in that house from which I was followed on the night you trailed me here."

"Why?" Frontivard asked.

"Because a certain valued pet disappeared that night. He could not possibly have been stolen or enticed away; he was a snow leopard from the mountains of Anatolia; yet he disappeared and left no sign. I think that you slew him, and that if walls could speak those of a certain laboratory could tell how his body disappeared so utterly."

"You have a mind of admirable penetration, Prince von Schlachtberg, tho it comes a trifle late. What if all these things be true?"

"Then in the name of that mighty race, whose destiny you have set yourself to thwart, who are you?" asked the Prince.

"That is an idle question. What matters it who I am? You have named me 'Demon' and 'The Terrible,' let it rest at that," replied Frontivard.

"What would induce you to withdraw from the struggle in which you are opposing mighty forces against which, terrible as you are, you cannot hope to prevail?" the Prince asked with a gleam in his eyes.

"Not all the gold in all the world; not the assurance of death; not the promise of dominion over half the earth; not the certainty of defeat, which I do not admit," Frontivard answered.

As the two men faced each other something like admiration flashed in Attila's eyes.

"I thought you would answer so," he said. "I know men, and despise the——"

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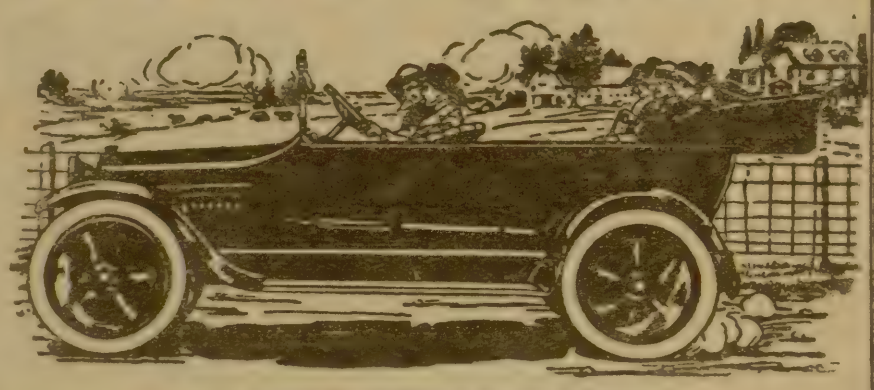

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but I know a man when, once in a lifetime, I meet one."

"And I also," said Frontivard, "tho we meet in deadly opposition."

"I meant to question you, Prince von Schlachtberg," he continued after a pause, during which the dead silence in the apartment became oppressive, "but I see that it would be a waste of time; therefore, hear the terms I offer you."

"I listen," said Attila.

"A man and a woman have disappeared—a girl and her lover, a man of mine has been slain; so much for the human side. A mighty mind has also vanished in a single night, and with him an invention of his, a machine, a weapon, of such possibilities, of such destructive force, that its possession would insure to the Nation that possessed it the dominion of the world."

The great detective paused.

"I follow you," said the Prince.

"Well, either life must pay for life, the slayer be surrendered to my vengeance; either the man and the woman must be released unharmed; either the mighty mind and the terrible weapon must be restored, or else, Prince von Schlachtberg, you go not forth from this house alive."

"Demon, you know I have no choice, and yet—but no, I am beaten, I must yield. They are here, beneath this roof, I will lead you to them; and for your man's life," he pointed to the man nearest to him, "that man was his slayer, work your will upon him, he is yours."

A contemptuous smile curled Frontivard's thin lips a smile in which there was disappointment also. Had he hoped that he had found a man of steel, of a temper equal to his own, but found only a weakling?

"Very well," he said curtly, "lead me to them. But wait, what about your men here?"

"They shall accompany us with hands up, as you Americans say when you hold a man at weapon's point; and I will also go with my hands above my head and without leaving your sight for a moment, knowing full well that if I attempted to do so my death would follow. Johann, the curtain."

The man to whom Von Schlachtberg had pointed as McDermott's slayer, stepped to the side door of the apartment leading into the ante-chamber, and drawing the curtain aside, stood with one hand holding it back and the other raised above his head—a grotesque figure.

"You see," said Attila smiling, "that tho I go first I will not be for a moment out of your sight."

"You three keep those fellows covered," said Frontivard to his companions, pointing to the men who stood with their hands above their heads. "They shall remain here. I'll take care of their master."

The Prince von Schlachtberg advanced slowly towards the ante-chamber across the polished, rug strewn floor. He was the picture of a beaten, submissive man.

But even as he reached the curtained portal a trap door opened with a clang in front of him and he leaped thru it and disappeared. Frontivard's automatic cracked on the instant, but a second too late; it cracked again, and McDermott's slayer rolled upon the floor. The detective sprang towards the opening thru which Von Schlachtberg had disappeared, but as he reached it, it closed and from below came up a mocking laugh.

The next moment the three detectives and their journalist companion had enough to do without attempting to follow Attila; for the eight remaining men rushed upon them with the fury of tigers, and, tho unarmed, attempted to overpower them by sheer weight of numbers. And tho the attempt was in vain; and tho three of them paid for it with their lives; and tho, as they saw their comrades fall before the automatics of the detectives, the remainder turned and fled; still the diversion had given their leader time to make good his escape—if he needed any; for even Reverdy's gigantic strength failed to move the trap door, and Frontivard and his companions searched the cellar in vain for whatever secret means of exit to which it gave access.

"Quite useless," said Frontivard, as they finished searching the rooms in the cellar for the third time, sounding the solid cement floor and singularly massive foundation walls of the house as they went, hoping to hear the hollow ring that would tell them of some hidden passage or secret chamber, "quite useless. The cunning devil had his means of escape prepared and is probably far beyond our reach by this time, unless our watchers on the outside have intercepted him, which I doubt very much."

"Or unless," said Reverdy, "he doubled back on us and is hiding somewhere in the house until we shall have left it."

"That is quite possible," said Frontivard, "tho I doubt if he would expect to fool us by so obvious a ruse. Nevertheless, we will make sure. Come, and keep your pistols ready, for tho I have no idea that he is above stairs his German devils may be."

But the most careful search of the house failed to reveal any sign of either Von Schlachtberg or his followers, tho it did reveal to the eyes of the astonished detectives such an abode of Sybaritic luxury as they had never dreamed of.

"How the devil did they get it here?" was Reverdy's comment.

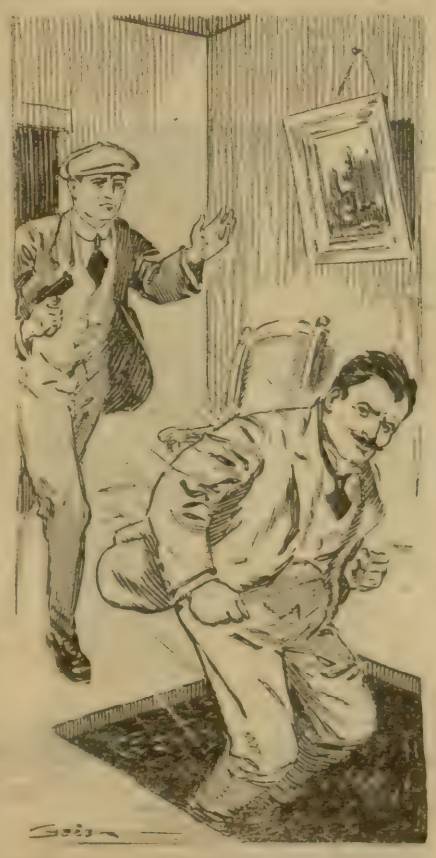
"How the devil did they expect to get it away again?" was Carey's.

"You little know the Prince von Schlachtberg," said Frontivard, "to him this is all a mere bagatelle, not a thousandth part of the wealth at his command."

Lehmann said nothing. Perhaps he was thinking regretfully of the story that day's work would make could he but reveal it.

When Frontivard and his companions emerged from the house they found that the watchers outside had observed no sign of the escaping Germans; neither had they heard any sound of the battle that had raged within.

"Well, my friends," said Frontivard as he entered the waiting automobile, "the mystery of the secret exits from Von Schlachtberg's house seems insoluble, nor have we time to solve it if we could. He has gained the thing he sought—a weapon to conquer the world."



But Even as He Reached the Curtained Portal, a Trap-door Opened With a Clang, and He Leaped Thru It and Disappeared.

"Are we beaten, then?" said Lehmann. "Surely something can yet be done to avert the threatened catastrophe."

"Much can be done, everything can be done; and as a beginning you will at once write the message I will dictate to your piratical friend, Del Roca's confederate at Key West; and Carey, who is the least likely to be successfully shadowed of any of us, will send it from the most convenient telegraph office as quickly as may be. God grant it may reach the master of Red Lark."

"But," protested Lehmann, "the enemy, the great enemy, the Prince von Schlachtberg, is here in Chicago. How then can Del Roca help us?"

"My friend, before the dawn of another day we may safely put the Prince's presence here in the past tense and say he was in Chicago, for I am sure, now that he has Leanderthal's hellish machine in his possession, he will make straight for Santander Rocks and the island fortress."

"And you mean to attempt to follow him?" Lehmann asked.

"Yes; when Hannibal sought to conquer Rome he carried the war into Italy, and if we mean to overcome Von Schlachtberg we must carry the war into his stronghold."

CHAPTER XX

THE MASTER OF RED LARK

IT WAS night, and the cove of Santa Ana on the Venezuelan coast lay dimly revealed in the light of myriad stars. The coast hereabouts was rugged and rock bound, for a bold, bare ridge, which parodied the grandeur of the parent mountain range, ran for perhaps twenty miles close along the shore, leaving but a narrow strip of beach between the ever-booming surf and its declivity. In the whole twenty miles only one narrow opening—that which led to the cove of Santa Ana—broke the forbidding, rocky wall and the white line of the treacherous surf which confronted the mariner from the sea. And that one narrow opening was both hard to find and difficult to navigate; tho when once the Scylla and Charybdis of treacherous shoal and beetling cliffs were passed the mariner's bark might ride in safety the still surface of the lagoon that lay within in safety, tho a hurricane should blow without.

A ship rode at anchor there, and tho half a gale was blowing from the northeast outside, and the far-flung thunder of the surf broke the silence of the cove, only tiny wavelets laved her sides as she poised on the oily swell. A ship rode at anchor there, a ship with the long lines of a destroyer, built to overhaul and sink the speediest torpedo boats; but this ship was no destroyer. It was Red Lark. Overhead shone down the countless host of the stars, their glory beginning to be dimmed by a faint haze—portent of the coming hurricane—creeping up from the eastern horizon; to landward the cliffs rose bluff and bold; craggy, save at one point where, from a low table-like plateau, an ancient mission, ruinous and deserted for nearly a hundred years, looked down on the landlocked cove of Santa Ana.

In one of the ruinous buildings of the ancient mission three men reclined about a fire which they had taken some pains to conceal from prying eyes outside. Pieces of canvas had been hung in front of half a dozen loophole-like windows and over a gaping hole where the roof had fallen in. Only the portal, which looked out upon the cove and the door of which had long since fallen from its hinges, was left uncovered; and what smoke did not escape that way, which was the greater part, made a haze in the vast stone paved chamber. The place had once been the refectory of the mission monastery, now given over to what unholy men and uses the faces of the group about the fire bore witness. Their dress bespoke them sailors, their features bespoke them lawless. The one who appeared to be the leader was a man of 60 or thereabouts, small, but sinewy and powerful looking. Of his face breadth—massive, resolute, bulldog breadth—was the dominant characteristic, from the low, broad forehead beneath curly, grizzled hair that had once been black, to the short, broad chin, with its promise of relentless purpose and savage ferocity. His eyes were black and wide set, his nose short and hooked, like a parrot's beak, his mouth wide and thin lipped and shadowed by a close cropped black mustache.

The second of the trio was a tall man, lean and sinewy like the first, with close cropped, grizzled hair, and enormous, hawk-like nose, and fierce gray eyes. The third, who was much younger than the other two, tho quite as truculent looking, was big and burly, red-haired blue-eyed and most unmistakably Irish. Such was Enrique del Roca, smuggler, gun-runner and semi-pirate; and such were his mate and quartermaster, Patrick O'Mohundro, and Dominick McCartney.

Del Roca, who had been reclining upon his elbow, tossed the end of a cigarette into the fire and, raising up, began to roll another.

"I wonder," he said, glancing at his companions, "what this newspaperman's game is now; can you dope it out O'Mohundro?"

His English was excellent, as was, for that matter, his German, French, Spanish and Italian, not to mention Chinese and Japanese and the languages and dialects of the islands of the sea. Many a scholar whose life had been spent in study might have envied Del Roca.

"How the devil can I dope out anything with only a blind telegram to go by?" said O'Mohundro, the lean, hawk-nosed man, taking an evil-smelling black briar pipe from his lips. "Only if its another d—n fool cruise and no pay, or as good as none, like we took him on last winter, I, for one, say nothing doing."

"Me, too," said red-haired McCartney, stirring the fire, "luck's been bad enough this long while without wasting time on newspapermen that ain't got enough long green to cover the palm of me hand," and he held out a great paw.

"I can't refuse him," said Del Roca, "you both know that. He gave me an alibi that time the secret service men thought they had it on me in Mobile, and he did it at the risk of being jailed himself. I'd cut off my right hand sooner than turn down a friend like that."

"That was because he knew he'd want to use you some time," said McCartney, "he's a wise guy."

"It doesn't matter why he did it; he did it, that's enough; and if he wanted to cruise into every creek and cove from Darien to the 'Horn,' Red Lark would be at his service."

"Oh, Well," said O'Mohundro, "I guess you're right at that. And do you know," he went on, "tho I can't dope out his telegram, I've a feeling in my bones that his game is something exciting. You know his hobby in the newspaper game is the German propaganda menace and he knows a lot about that, and we know a lot more than he does; enough if we were to tell all we know, to bring the Yankee fleet down here."

"Yes, d—n the Germans!" growled Del Roca, "they drove us from the best hiding place and safest harbor within a

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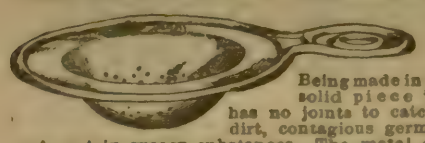

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thousand miles, or in the seven seas, for that matter; my putting Lehmann wise to it when he was cruising with us last winter was a partial payment on the grudge I owe them for that."

"Maybe that's the reason he wants to cruise in Red Lark again," said O'Mohundro.

"Say, be all the Saints!" said McCartney, suddenly sitting upright, "how about the report of this Lehmann chap's death after he returned from cruising with us last winter? I niver thought of that 'til now, but maybe it's not himself that sint the tilegram at all, at all. How could he whin he's dead?"

"I thought of it, tho," said Del Roca, "and I wondered. Nevertheless he is the only man not in the game with us who knows that John Barnard of Key West has dealings with Enrique del Roca, or knows where to find him; and so, tho I wondered, I replied to his telegram, naming this rendezvous. You know what precautions I have taken, and that—well, if the telegram was sent to an enemy, and he comes to Santa Ana cove with less than fifty men, he and his will not go hence again."

"McCartney has said that this Lehmann is a wise guy and I agree with him," said O'Mohundro. "It's my opinion that he's fooling the Germans—they were on his trail you know on account of his trying to expose the spreaders of propaganda in America—and that it wasn't himself that was killed this spring at all."

From without the building, on the landward side, came a long, low whistle. The three men about the fire sprang to their feet.

"Ha!" said Del Roca, "that's Carlos, and we shall soon know what we're up against."

Going to the door, he whistled thrice, short and shrill. Another long, low note answered him, followed by a distant halloo.

"Come on," called Del Roca thru the doorway to his companions, "whatever it is, it's not danger."

Issuing from the doorway and turning a corner of the building, the three smugglers saw a group of men who had halted in the darkness some distance away.

"Hallo, Carlos, how many?" called Del Roca in Spanish.

"Four strangers, the newspaperman and myself," replied Carlos in the same language.

"The devil! A crowd," muttered the smuggler. Then, raising his voice, "Hallo there, you, Lehmann, why so many, and who are they?"

"They are friends, stanch friends, Enrique," called back Lehmann out of the darkness, "I answer for them with my life."

"Good! Come on then," said the smuggler.

A few moments later Frontivard and Reverdy, with Lehmann, Carey and McIvor, were ushered into the smoke-dimmed chamber where the three smugglers had been waiting.

Del Roca greeted them like one who is in his own domain.

"You are welcome," he said to Lehmann, "you are always welcome; and you others also, if you are his friends. I judge the business must be urgent that brings you to this out of the way corner of the world. Sit down, therefore, and let us talk; and smoke while we talk," he added, producing a handful of cigars from his pocket, "unless you should think there is already smoke enough in this d—d hole."

The eight men seated themselves about the murky fire. The strangers lighted the cigars Del Roca had given them—they were excellent, and innocent of tribute to the United States revenue—O'Mohundro and McCartney refilled their pipes, the master of Red Lark rolled a cigarette, remarking that cigars were too heavy for his taste and he preferred the pills. As if by intuition the smuggler captain singled out Frontivard as the leader among his guests; and the detective and premier law-breaker of two seaboards faced each other.

"I know you fellows are not here for a holiday excursion," said Del Roca abruptly, "what's the game?"

"It is a desperate one, and one which I think you are the man to play," replied Frontivard, "We want you to take us to Santander Rocks."

"To the island?"

Del Roca glanced at Lehmann as he spoke.

"Yes, the game's desperate indeed, unless you have an army at your back, and Red Lark can't hold an army," declared Del Roca.

"You've broken the law and defied the power of a great Nation for thirty years," said Frontivard, "and yet you had no army at your back."

"True; and I don't need to be told that you're a d—d bold man and a crafty one. But you will easily guess that I am a man who does nothing for nothing. If I place Red Lark at your service what's the stake? Understand me," he added quickly, "for Lehmann here, and if he asks it, I will do anything and ask no reward, for I owe him more than I can ever repay; but you are a stranger to me, and I owe you nothing."

"And I ask nothing for which I am not willing to pay well. How does ten thousand dollars, here in hand, strike you? And ten thousand more if the issue of our adventure is successful?" asked Frontivard.

"Done, by G—d; I'd sail Red Lark into hell for that; and besides, I owe those Germans a grudge anyway."

"What can you five men do against the Germans?" growled O'Mohundro. "I tell you, man, they've got a fleet in the lagoon inside that island, and an army to back up the fleet."

"My friend," said Frontivard gravely, "I seldom quote scripture, yet is the battle not always to the strong; neither can I lay claim to much religion, yet I believe that in this cause God fights upon our side; we are told you know that once upon a time 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.'"

"By Hiven!" exclaimed McCartney, looking at the speaker with kindling eyes: "Ye may be dommed short on judgment, but ye're long on sand; and I'm thinking that, the captain here permitting, I'll just land on that island wid yez. I hate the dommed Germans anyhow."

"Shut up, you enthusiastic Irish fool," growled O'Mohundro, "you've no more judgment yourself than a schoolboy. If you go to the island who'll steer Red Lark thru the rocks, I wonder."

"What's your plan for landing?" interrupted Del Roca, turning to Frontivard.

"I was leaving that to you. The cliffs rise sheer from the sea, I understand. Is there no secret landing place, unknown to any one save, perhaps, yourself? No pathway up the cliffs, no matter how

"Why So Many, and Who Are They?" He Demanded.

difficult or dangerous? If there is none, why then we must gain entrance thru the sea cave by some ruse."

"There is a landing place and a pathway up the cliffs, if you dare to balance between sky and water like a seabird," said the smuggler.

"I have lived near on to forty years, my friend, and yet not learned to say—'I dare not,'" the detective stated.

"I judged so by the look of you; and that being the case, and if you are ready, the sooner we settle that little matter of the ten thousand and stand out to sea, the better," remarked Del Roca.

"What, in the teeth of the gale that is blowing," said Lehmann, "with the promise of a tempest in the offing?"

"All the better man. Give me the open sea and Red Lark will weather the fiercest hurricane that ever blew along this coast. All the better, for there is less chance of falling in with any d—d revenue cutter or cruiser who might be interested in knowing the port we sailed from, or the one we're bound for," the smuggler observed.

The financial end of the bargain was quickly transacted. Frontivard had come prepared; and in the dead of night, with the haze overhead growing momentarily thicker, and searchlight and plumb line busy, Red Lark, guided by McCartney's steady hand, threaded her devious way thru the passage leading out of Santa Ana cove; and, with the spume flakes dashing from her bows and the freshening gale howling around her, steamed for the open sea.

CHAPTER XXI.
THE FLIGHT.

ATTILA-VON SCHLACHTBERG had frowned upon Zara Lal's act of kidnaping Warfield and the Professor's daughter. The master mind of the band of agents realized that mixing love and romance with such a tremendously important proposition as he was engineering, was absolutely dangerous. Warfield and the Professor's daughter, Attila figured, should have been slain, gotten out of the way entirely, or left entirely unmolested. In the beginning they really meant nothing, but now since they had been pulled into the affair, nothing was left to do but smuggle them out of the United State to the naval base on the island in the south Atlantic.

In a private compartment of the train which bore Attila, Zara Lal and Halali Pasha to New Orleans, Attila demanded that his sister leave their two prisoners—who at that moment were sleeping heavily under the influence of a strange Turkish drug which had been given them by Halali Pasha—in New Orleans before the dash out of the United States with the Professor and his great invention.

"Why should we run the risk of being captured simply because we take it upon ourselves to drag this pair of persons along with us?" Attila demanded of his sister.

"Because Halali Pasha loves the girl. He wants her for his own. Then, this handsome young Warfield—ah, I would have him for my slave," replied Zara Lal to Attila.

His muscular jaws closed hard and a frown darkened his strong face as he looked away from her—out of the window of the speeding train into the summer fields.

"You love this Warfield! I can scarcely believe you—a woman of your nerve and power—to be so infatuated," Attila hissed at her.

"Who said I loved him? Call it a whim, dear brother, a caprice, or whatever it may be, I certainly deserve this gratification at your hands," she declared.

"You are right, my sister, you and Halali Pasha deserve some consideration from me for the excellent work you have done," Attila declared more coolly.

Just as he finished speaking, Professor Leanderthal entered from another part of the compartment. Engrossed in his own thoughts concerning the new and wonderful invention, he only rummaged thru a handbag, secured a scientific text book on the subject of his destructive rays, and returned to the part of the compartment from which he had come.

"He is perfectly satisfied that his daughter, Caroline, is with her aunt in Chicago," Halali Pasha whispered to the Prince.

What persuasion had been used to induce Professor Leanderthal to start such an extraordinary trip without suspecting something might be wrong, was puzzling. Perhaps the whole matter seemed very simple to him. He had traveled much, and often with very little preparation, so that the suddenness of departure did not apparently seem to him anything very unusual. He supposed he had left his daughter with her aunt, and had not the vaguest suspicion that she and her sweetheart, Warfield, were sleeping under the influence of a Turkish drug in another compartment on the same train.

To the Professor's mind the journey was not fraught with any tremendous, or even unusual significance. He was merely a passive and child-like tool in the hands of those of whose vast designs he never dreamed.

When Penrhynn Warfield revived to a state of semi-consciousness he found himself lying upon a divan in an Oriental chamber, his head pillowed upon cushions of the softest silk. Not that he was at first aware of his surroundings, for he was in a blissful, dreamy state between sleeping and waking, in which confused visions of the present and the past mingled inextricably. The curtains that draped his couch were confused in his mind with other curtains of another couch—a very stuffy uncomfortable couch—in which he would still have seemed to be except for a delightful sense of physical well-being. He felt no pain now, yet the memory of excruciating pain was clear, definite and horrible, and after that had followed sleep, dead, dreamless sleep, from which he seemed to have awakened once or twice, only to be flung back again, as it had seemed, by a not ungentle, but inexorable hand. His present physical sensation was one of blissful well-being—so pleasant that he feared to move lest he should break the spell. Therefore he lay perfectly still, trying in a hazy, impersonal way—as if he, Penrhynn Warfield, had been another person entirely, and had had nothing to do with the matter—to separate the present from the past; to determine where he was, where he had been, and what it was that had happened—a long time ago, oh, a very long time ago!—that left him, despite his present sensation of comfort, with a vague, haunting memory of horror hovering over him like an incubus.

He opened his eyes and looked about him, and in a listless, comfortable way his reflections took form: He certainly had changed places. He recalled that there had been a monotonous rocking motion, which had at times become sickening, that was absent here. Yes, he

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had most assuredly changed places. But no, perhaps memory was playing him tricks, perhaps he was mistaken after all, for here was the same face that had looked in at him between the parted curtains—those curtains had certainly seemed very real—and given him a draught to drink that had been very pleasant. But no again, this was not the same face, most assuredly not; for that was the face of a man, whereas the eyes that were looking down at him now were a woman's eyes; strange eyes certainly, golden eyes they seemed to him, rather beautiful, too, but a woman's eyes; there could be no mistake about that. She was offering him a draught, too, as the owner of the other face had done. Well, he did not intend to take it, that was all; the other draught had been pleasant enough, but it had put him to sleep and he had no recollection of what had happened after taking it; and now—well, he wished to remain awake; he had slept quite enough for awhile. Why the devil was the ivory tinted, blue veined hand that held the glass to his lips so insistent? He didn't want to drink the stuff. And that other hand upon his forehead—how soft it was. Oh, well, he did not wish to appear disobliging to a lady, and, after all, what was the difference if he did sleep a little longer. What difference whether one slept or waked when one was so very comfortable?

The draught, however, had quite an opposite effect from that which he anticipated; instead of its lulling him into renewed slumber, immediately upon taking it Warfield felt a quickening of his senses as if the lethargy which had enthralled him had suddenly fallen away and left him wide awake. He opened his eyes and looked about the chamber. There was an electrolier swinging by golden chains from the ceiling, and by its light he saw that the chamber was large and low, with polished floor and walls fantastically decorated. There was little furniture; a low table, some bright colored rugs, a screen, a vase or two, that was all. Two curtained doorways, one at either end, led out of it, and the curtains were blown apart by a gentle breeze that tempered deliciously the otherwise somewhat sultry atmosphere.

The first thought of Warfield's fully recovered consciousness was wonder as to the whereabouts of the woman who had forced the waking draught upon him. She was nowhere to be seen. Then, memory asserting itself with dreadful suddenness, he sat bolt upright on the divan and his blood ran like ice thru his veins. The attack in the wood near "The Birches," the excruciating agony, the forgetfulness that had followed it; all came back to him—vivid, horrible. "Great God! Where was he? Where was Caroline? What had happened to him—to her?"

Springing up from the divan, he started toward the nearest door that led from the chamber. But the moment his feet touched the floor he became conscious of a feeling of giddiness that almost overcame him; so that he was near staggering as he crossed the polished floor, and was constrained to lean heavily against one of the pillars of the doorway for support. Astonishment and curiosity awakened by the scene which presented itself beyond the portal, did as much, perhaps, to revive him as the effort of will which he exerted. The door opened upon a broad portico paved with slabs of polished porphyry; the portico in its turn looking upon a garden, small, but so cunningly laid out as to create an illusion of much greater extent than it really possessed. From the portico five or six steps, flanked by balustrades representing two great green dragons, led down to the garden. The undulating bodies of the stone carved monsters surrounded and formed a balustrade for the portico itself, from which it seemed as if they had been arrested—so lifelike were they—in the act of crawling down to a broad lawn which lost itself gradually in the shadow of thick-standing clumps of palms and flowering shrubs. It was night and the sky was overcast; but the garden was illuminated by lamps so cunningly concealed and so skillfully shaded as to produce the effect of soft yet brilliant moonlight

Pulling himself together Warfield crossed the portico and descended the steps wonderingly. Thru the trees glimmered a tiny sheet of water; which stretched away from the spot where he approached it in Lilliputian bays and inlets between capes and promontories, fairy-like in their miniature loveliness. Picturesquely placed about the margin of the lake were kiosks and pavilions, peeping forth from bowers of bloom the perfume of which filled the still air with its fragrance. Gazing about him in wonder, the young man's senses were oppressed by the stillness of the scene. Not the chirp of a bird, not the sound of an insect, not the lap of a ripple disturbed the silence. To the young man the sound of his own footsteps on the yielding turf, the beating of his own heart, became loud and oppressive. "Where was he? Whither had he been transported? What fate awaited him? And Caroline—was she here in this silent place? Did she, too, tread the turf of this mysterious garden, so like some fantastic vision of a beautiful yet horrid dream? What had been her fate?" Before his mind rose the image of Halali Pasha and the blood surged hot in his veins, only to turn to ice again as he thought of his own helplessness.

"Was she in the power of the loathsome Turk and he, her lover, powerless to save her? But he would find her! He must find her! He would contrive some means of escape from this horribly beautiful place. But how could they escape, even if he found her, when he did not even know where he was; or to what part of the world he had been transported; or how long he had been there?"

Driven by the frenzy of his thoughts he hurried on, taking no note of where he went, and presently found himself back upon the lawn before the portico from whence he had started. Ascending the steps he leaned against one of the stone-carved monsters that formed the balustrade and looked back over the garden. It was apparently surrounded by the building from which the portico projected; or, rather, by groups of buildings; for on the side where he stood, which was plainly visible in the soft light, the appearance was rather that of a succession of connected pavilions than of a continuous structure. Fantastic in outline, with queerly curved and painted cornices and overhanging eaves, grotesque carvings, that surmounted the peaks of fantastic roofs, the yellow tiling of which produced the illusion of golf; if, indeed, the tiles were not really overlaid with gold leaf; they stretched away in a bewildering perspective that intermingled with, and was lost, as if my magic, in the foliage of the garden; and yet he could see that the garden, in which the buildings appeared to be swallowed up, was in reality surrounded by them. Not a light was visible, save only those which illumined the garden; and over all was the silence which deepened the impression that had been in Warfield's mind from the beginning, that he was the victim of a fantastic dream from which he would presently awaken to find himself in his room at "The Birches."

Warfield finds himself the prisoner of a beautiful woman. She is Zara Lal. She tells him she loves him and that anything he desires is his for the asking—except his freedom. Caroline also is a prisoner—in the power of Halali Pasha. He attempts to force his love upon her, but she effects a thrilling escape. Warfield also escapes. The next installment is replete with intense climaxes of the adventures of this pair while being hunted by Germans.

* * *

Sympathy Story.

"HIS real name," the amateur poet said, "was Theophilus Tinkit, but everybody called him Bud, so you can see he was a popular person

"The chief thing about Bud was his infectious grin. He had it to the nth degree. He could have gone into a convention of humorists, just circulated around a little with that smile, and presently everybody would have been so happy and cheerful you couldn't have told them from a gathering of undertakers. In other words, his smile was catching.

"I suppose he went right along up and became a leading light somewhere," the drug clerk broke in. "A fellow like that ought to get along in the world."

"I was just going to tell you about that," the poet continued. "Bud had a job in a grocery store. The store belonged to old Silas Hibbler, and he had a face that looked like a stone image of grief. He was always downhearted, and the better his luck the surer he was that a greater misfortune was to come upon him just to maintain the average.

"There was an old lady in our town who was so rich she couldn't keep track of her interest, according to our standards of wealth. She bought things at Hibbler's store. She wasn't fond of Hibbler. She said that every time she went into the place it reminded her of a funeral, and that made her think of her departed husband—she was a widow, you know—and thinking of him made her sad. So she had Bud come and take her order, and Bud delivered her groceries at her door.

"She liked Bud the first time she saw him. And the more she saw of him the better she liked him. She got so she would talk about him whenever she got the chance. She used to sing regular paeans about him. And then, all of a sudden, her sole relative died, and it became common talk that she was going to leave all her money to Bud.

"There's no doubt of the fact that she adored Bud. And there's no doubt of the fact that Bud deserved it. But after the old lady had departed and the will was opened and all the gossips got the news it was noised abroad that Bud hadn't fallen heir to a cent of her cash. When her lawyer was persuaded to talk, the facts came out. She left all of her money to old Hibbler. She said that anybody who could be as grouchy and downcast as Hibbler was, needed sympathy and help, if ever a man did. And she said Bud's character inspired her to help the cheerless. And, she added, Bud's smile was such a fortune he wouldn't need any other anyway. So, the last I knew of him, he was still delivering groceries."

Spice of Life.

"THERE is one thing that everybody needs and that's a little bit of excitement, Mrs. Kapers," remarked the janitor's wife as she made an artistic flourish with her mop.

"I see you walking around looking sad and with nothing to do and I couldn't stand for it without giving you my advice. If you're a quiet person, who don't like to go around among friends, or have the friends come to the house, then you've got to occupy your mind by yourself.

"I don't see you knitting. Did you ever try that for excitement? It's great. Not exactly the knitting job itself, but what you think of while you're doing it.

"Just picture what the young fellow that's going to wear them socks is going to do. He's going to take your knitting way over to Europe. He's going into the big fight carrying with him something that you gave to help him be comfortable. When he puts your stuff on he's going to think of you. He won't know who you are, maybe, but he'll wish he did.

"Try it out once, Mrs. Kapers, and if it ain't worth it blame me. And don't just have one soldier boy thinking about the one that made him feel homelike. Have a lot of them happy at the same time. Make a few comfort kits and see if it don't give your heart a comfortable feeling.

"And as for your husband, he can also get over the gloomy look he's carrying around. If he's too old to fight let him help the fighters. If he smokes let him send smokes over by the other side. Do like Oswald does. Oswald makes up a motto one day that's clever, believe me. He says to me: 'Honey, from now on every other cigar I smoke is going to join the Army.'

"If your husband don't smoke it's all the better for the boys. What he would spend if he did can go into a tobacco fund. He can make himself president of a tobacco collecting club and make all his friends come across. As Oswald says, they'll think he's a fine scout and soon he'll be a popular guy. Ain't that worth something? Certainly.

"Get busy and tell your man to do the same thing. Do what I said already and I'll ask you in a week maybe how it worked out."

* * *

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What Happened When the Murderer Came Back to the Scene of His Crime

The Law of the Cumberland

By Lewis H. Kilpatrick

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"IT'S almighty queer how a dead man's blood'll keep on calling till it draws the feller back who did the spilling, ain't it, Mister?" The short, bullet-headed passenger, a week's growth of red beard on his face, accompanied the inquiry with a quizzical glance at the other occupant of the smoking compartment seated opposite him.

The second passenger, tall, muscular, and not yet in his thirties, took his briar-root pipe from his mouth after a meditative puff, and regarded the speaker with mild curiosity.

"Yes—it is queer, but it often happens," he said slowly. "No one ever entirely kills his conscience. A criminal may deal in crime for years, with never an hour of remorse. But finally there'll come reaction, a morbid desire to revisit the scenes of his outrages." The young man smoked a moment in silence. "Know of any particular case?" he asked suddenly.

They were aboard the Eastern Kentucky Special, as it wound its tedious way from Catlettsburg to the Virginia line; flanked on one side by the treacherous yellow waters of Big Sandy River, on the other by the wooded foothills of the Cumberlands.

The older man's thin lips parted in what was meant to be a casual smile. "Just thinkin' o' Nick Simpson, the moonshiner who kilt Old Clint Truxton, and skipped the country twenty years ago. They do 'low as how Nick's comin' back to Pike County real soon, to nose 'round in the hills where he done his devilment. Did you ever hear about his trouble with Old Clint?"

The young man no longer was looking at his would-be entertainer. His attention seemingly was directed out the window, his face pressed close to the dirty glass, his strong features [illegible] by some suddenly aroused, but controlled emotion. Then he turned.

"You say this fellow, Nick Simpson, is coming back to the place where he killed—" he asked, eyeing his companion closely. "Isn't—isn't he afraid to—"

The little man chuckled. "Afraid? Humph! There ain't no law an' order in them parts like there is in other places," he replied. "The law o' the Cumberland is a law for a man, an' it's up to the murdered man's nearest kin to see that the law is enforced. Now, sister I reckon Nick won't be in much danger if he takes a notion to come back. I see, did you ever hear how he came to kill Old Clint?"

The young man knocked the ashes from his pipe into the tray of the seat in front of him. "Pardon me, I'm not familiar with your story," he said, after a pause. "Please proceed."

The little man took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, bit off a generous chew, and settled himself into a more comfortable position on the plush seat. Then he began:

"The Truxtons lived on the south fork o' Marrowbone Creek, a mile or two below where Nick had his cabin and his moonshine still. There were three o' the Truxtons. Old Clint, who was paralyzed from his waist down and had to sit helplesslike in a cheer, day after day; Young Clint, no more'n a kid at that time, but as full o' fight as a mating wild cat; and Jennie—Jennie, his sister as pretty and delicate as a laurel blossom.

"Nick thought a heap o' Jennie and wanted to marry her. But Old Clint wouldn't listen to it. He always was a proud sort o' a cuss; and while the folks 'round liked him, they didn't take much stock in his highfalutin' notions.

"The first Clinton Truxton had been a major in the Revolution, so they said. After the war he brung his wife over into Kintucky and settled on a pa'sel o' land that Congress had give him. Old Clint was his grandson—and he'd often take down the Major's army sword from over the big stone fireplace, where it hung on a pair o' buck horns, and tell his two children all the great things their family had done before they came from Virginny. He taught them children how to read and write and figger—taught 'em manners, too—and 'lowed that if he could help it, no boy or gal o' his was going to mix their blood with any less bluer'n their own.

"When Nick up and asked him if he could come a-courtin' Jennie, seein' as she then 'as sixteen, Old Clint got plumb sassy.

"'Nick,' says he, sitting there in his cheer with one eye a-worshipin' the sword over the fireplace, 'Nick, you're an ornery moonshiner, and your daddy was a moonshiner and a jayhawker before you. You ain't had a month's schoolin' in all your life. And, what's worse, you don't care. You're a natur' born coward and an outlaw. Why, when you gets on a drunk even winmen and children ain't safe. I'm telling you, Nick, I'd have to think onto it a heap before I gave my gal to such as you.'

"Nick started to argue with him, when just then Jennie herself come into the room, her cheeks a-glowing and her hair looking like it 'ad been dipped in the sunset. Old Clint studied a minute, then he called her to him.

"'Jennie, gal,' says he, pointing to Nick, who squatted on a stool at one side o' the hearth, 'Nick wants to try and win you for his bride. You've knowed him as long as you've knowed anybody. Does he come up to what in your idee a husband ought to be?'

"Jennie stood there in her one-piece calico, looking down at the puncheon floor, her daddy and Nick lookin' at her. She wasn't exactly embarrassed, but she seemed to hate to speak out what she had in mind. Finally she faced Old Clint, sorta breathlesslike, and said:

"'No, pa, Nick ain't the kind o' man I'm a-hankerin' for. Fact is, he ain't fitten to marry no decent gal—an' I don't reckon I want him a-courtin' me.'

"That made Nick fighting mad. He jumped to his feet, glaring at the gal and her daddy.

"'By G—d!' he swore. 'I reckon I'm as good as any Truxton as ever lived and maybe a little better! I ain't used to beggin' favors or takin' insults from nobody. What I wants, I gets. I've asked you like a gentleman for that gal, Clint, and now I'm going to take 'her like a man!'

"With that he started toward Jennie, his face purple-colored and his hands twitchin' for the hold o' her. She drew back against her daddy's cheer, he throwing an arm around her to pertect her, but so helpless from paralysis that it wasn't much use.

"Then there comes a shout

"'D—n you, Nick Simpson! If you lay a finger on my sister I'll blow h—l outen you!'

"Nick stopped short, and all of 'em looked toward the door. There stood Young Clint, no more'n a kid, as I say, but aimin' a squirrel rifle at the moonshiner that 'as taller'n he was.

"Nick jumped back and threw up his hands.

"'Hold on there, lad,' says Old Clint, as if the boy was the one in wrong. 'Swearin' ain't becomin' to a Truxton, remember, and I don't want no more o' it from you. Put up that rifle-gun and watch your words hereafter. Hear me?'

"Then he looked at Nick. 'Let down them hands, you sneaking copperhead,' he ordered. 'Get out o' this cabin and don't ever come nigh it again. I mayn't be able to get around and pertect my family, but just you bear in mind that there's one here who can!'

"Nick picked up his hat and, without another word, left the cabin. Not that he'd give up the fight, but he knew when it 'as healthiest to lay down. Besides, he could afford to wait.

"Then one night, two weeks later, there was a dance over at the log schoolhouse on Gray's Branch. Nick planned to 'tend the party and find him a gal after he got there. So he took a few swallows o' moonshine, stuck a gun in each hip pocket, and straddled his mare.

"Things didn't come 'round to suit him, tho; for when he got to the schoolhouse he saw that Jennie's beau was Bob Cartwright, a feller lots taller'n stronger than him. After running a few sets with the other gals, never 'pearin' to notice that Jennie was on the floor, Nick went out to drink some more liquor with the fellers about the stile. Some of 'em was sober'n him, and seein' that he 'as getting nasty, I reckon they must 'a' slipped his guns outen his pockets to keep him from makin' trouble. Anyway, when the dance broke up and Bob started home with Jennie, Nick found that his guns was gone and that he couldn't do to Bob what he intended.

"So he just followed 'em at a distance, all the way to Old Clint's house. When he got there he had his mare in the woods and [illegible] near the fence, 'til Bob had told Jennie good night and rode off for his own home. Then Nick sneaked up to the cabin door and knocked. He knew that Old Clint had to sleep in his cheer and that Jennie slept in a bed in the same room, while Young Clint had a shake-down up in the loft.

"Old Clint was asleep, and rather'n wake him by calling to ask who wanted in, Jennie opened the door a crack and peeped out. Nick was plumb fool drunk by then and felt mean enough to whop all creation. So instead o' getting Jennie outside, where he could 'a' done anything he wanted with her without being heard, he threw himself against the door, as soon as she opened it, and stumbled into the cabin.

"Jennie hadn't yet begun to undress, and the one candle she had lit near her bed, coupled with the glow o' the embers in the fireplace, partly lighted the big room and made the walls and low ceiling quiver and quake reel ghostlike.

"Jennie weren't to be said skairt when Nick lurched past her, but she did get pale and her soft, pretty eyes was twict as large as common.

"'Nick,' she whispered, hoping to pacify him without waking her daddy, 'you get out o' here and get out quick——'

"She broke off, for Nick suddenly grabbed her in his arms and started with her toward the door. Then she screamed.

"That woke Old Clint. He looked 'round, saw Jennie strugglin' with Nick, and the veins in his forehead and jowls popped out like they'd bust thru the skin. Roarin' and grippin' the arms o' his cheer, he half raised himself on his helpless legs. His eyes were on the Major's army sword over the fireplace; and part standing, part leaning, he begun to clutch at it with his right hand.

"Nick saw what he 'as after, and turnin' Jennie loose, he staggered across to the old man. Then, reachin' up, he jerked down the sword for himself.

"'Now, old feller,' he sneered, 'we'll see how Truxton steel 'll carve Truxton meat!'

"With that he brung down the blade with all his strength on the gray head before him, cutting thru hair, scalp and skull—and sending Old Clint a-sprawlin' on the hearth at his feet, dead.

"Young Clint had heard the racket by then. Slidin' down the ladder from the loft, he was just startin' toward the corner for the long squirrel rifle when Nick turned and saw him.

"'Reckon I might as well finish the job while I'm about it,' he says, advancin' on the boy with the drippin' sword.

"But Nick weren't used to handlin' that sort o' weepon; knives and guns were more in his line; and when he made a pass at the boy, the point o' the sword struck against a rafter o' the low ceiling and the blade snapped clean in two. He flung the stub at Young Clint, tho, hittin' him just over the temple and makin' the blood spurt.

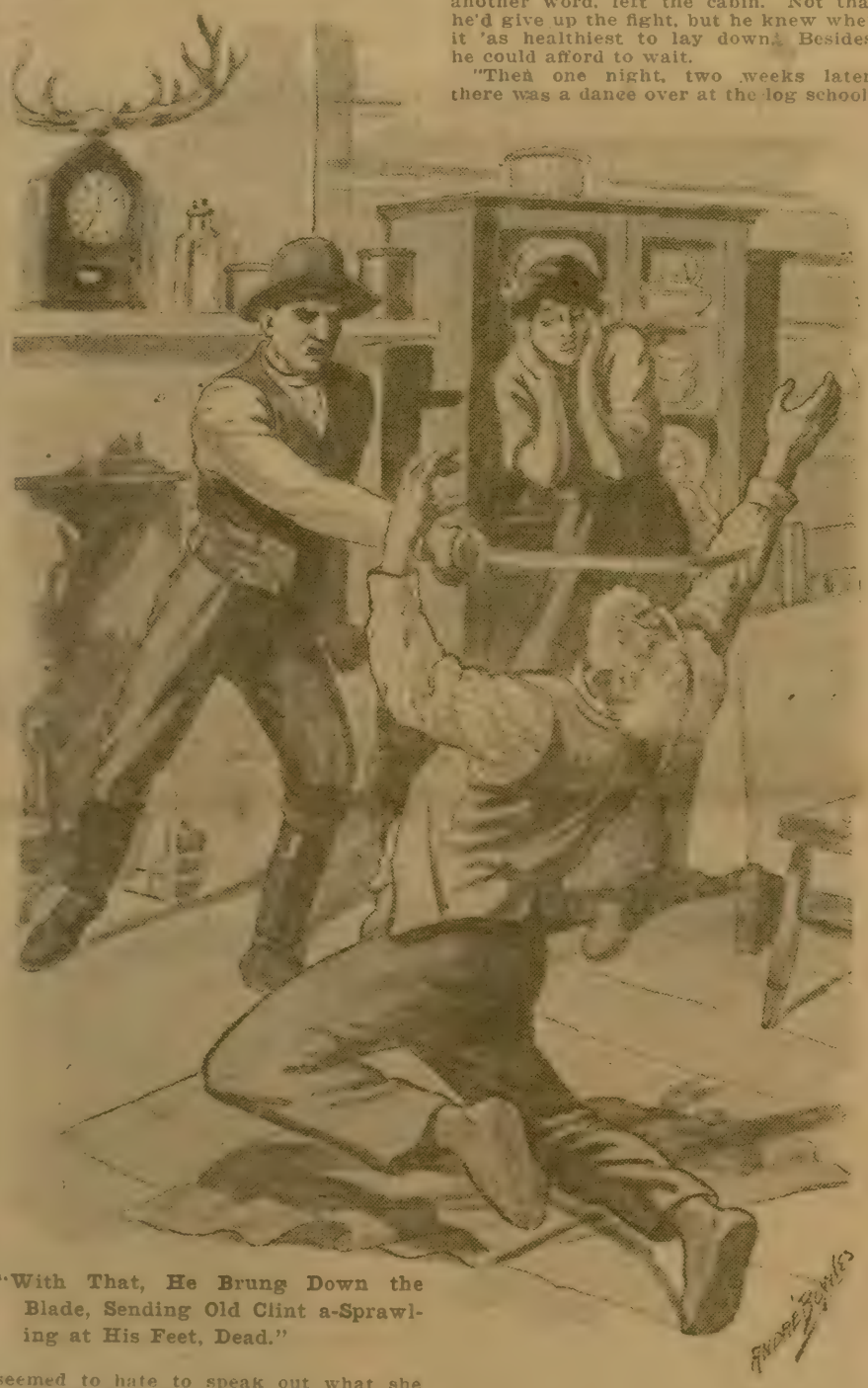
"The boy dropped to the floor not far from his daddy. Nick turned to Jennie. She stood leanin' against the wall where he'd left her, trembling, unable to help her menfolks, yet, I reckon, too gal-like to run while they was being kilt. It all happened inside o' five minutes, but the shock o' it partly brung Nick back to his senses. Seeing what he'd done, and realizing that that country weren't any longer a safe place for him, he picked Jennie up in his arms and hurried from the cabin to where he'd left his mare. The gal was too tuckered out by then to resist: all she did was just sob and sob. Putting her in the saddle, Nick mounted behind her, struck the mare's flank with his spur, and galloped off thru the night toward the Virginny line."

The little man paused in his narration. From his tobacco-stained lips came a sigh that breathed of relief. He looked out the car window. The foothills by now had grown to mountains, rock-peaked and covered with groves of oak and pine and chestnut. Here and there a cabin nestled in a spring-fed valley. The muddy waters of Big Sandy had narrowed and the country about held more of the spirit of the primitive.

The young man was studying his companion intently, his features taut but expressionless. A ray of sunlight came thru the bleary pane at his shoulder, and as the train rounded a curve, deflected its beams against some polished metal thing beneath his coat. He caught the flash and hastily drew the coat closer about him.

"Well, what became of Nick and Jennie after they crossed the Virginia line?" he inquired. "Did he marry her?"

The little man aroused himself and turned again to his auditor. "Naw. After he'd got her there weren't no use to bother about marrying. Her spirit was broken and she knowed that she couldn't help herself by raisin' a fuss. From Virginny they drifted on up to Pennsylvania, livin' as best they could. There she took in washin', while Nick got a job in a steel mill. He really loved her, in his way, and tried to be good to her. But she just moped and moped,



"With That, He Brung Down the Blade, Sending Old Clint a-Sprawling at His Feet, Dead."

seemin' like sumpin' would comfort her.

"Then one night, 'most a year after they'd left Kintucky, Nick come home from his work and found that she 'as gone. She'd left a note, that Nick took to a neighbor to be read. It went something like this:

"'I'm a-going back home, Nick. Pa always 'lowed he didn't want no blood mixed with ours that 'as less bluer'n our own. Rather'n see my baby born wrong, I'll take it with me into the waters o' Marrowbone where nobody 'll know the difference.'

"That was the last Nick heard o' her. I reckon she did as she said, drowned herself and her unborn child in the creek near the old cabin, preferrin' that to living with the disgrace o' it all a-preyin' on her mind."

The young man rested an elbow on the window sill, and leaning forward, looked his companion straight in the eyes.

"You've said that it's queer how a murdered man's blood will keep on calling till it draws the murderer back to the scene of his crime——" The voice was low and tense. "Yes—and another thing's queer. Every criminal at times feels the sting of his guilt, and moved by some strange impulse, seeks to balm his conscience with a hidden confession. Which goes to show that even the worst of us are children of nature; that what is natural, is good; and we violate that good only to have it react upon us. Did you ever think of that?"

The little man started. "Why—er—no."

Just then the brakeman passed the door of the smoking compartment. "Pikeville! Pikeville! All off for Pikeville!" he cried

The young man stood up. "This is where we get off," he said.

The little man shifted uneasily. "Not much. You may get off here, but I'm going——"

"I say, this is where we get off." There was the hardness of authority in the repeated words.

"And who the h—l are you?"

"You don't know who I am? Well, no wonder. It's been twenty years since you last saw me. But I haven't forgotten your face." The young man pushed back his hat and pointed to a scar over his left temple. "That tells you who I am!"

The little man stared at him in horror Then, with a frightened yelp, he shrank back into the farthest corner of the compartment, his ugly features ghastly.

"Great Gawd! It's Young Clint!" he gasped. He threw an arm over his eyes to shut out the sight; his yellowed lips twitched.

"Don't kill me, Clint! Please—please, Clint, don't kill me!" he begged. "I never reelly meant no harm! I 'as drunk when I done it all! Please, Clint, give me a chance! Heaven knows, I've suffered enough with this thing a-hauntin' me day and night! Please, Clint, just give me a chance——"

The train stopped. "All off for Pikeville!" again called the brakeman. The terrified man sank to his knees before his accuser, his teeth chattering.

"Then if you're goin' to shoot me, Clint, do it now—for Gawd's sake, do it now!" he pleaded desperately. "Don't stand there lookin' down at me that way! I can bear anything but that! You're goin' to kill me, I know; it's your right! But—Clint—please—get it over quick—"

Clint grabbed him by the collar and jerked him to his feet. "Yes, it's my right to kill you, you rascal. It's the law, the law of the Cumberland." He hesitated; then continued quietly: "But in this case the 'nearest kin' is going to let the Commonwealth of Kentucky enforce the law." Clint drew back the lapel of his coat, uncovering a metal star. "It comes hard, almighty hard," he said. "But the sheriff of Pike County is Truxton enough to stick to his oath of office and give the courts of this State the chance to hang you for the murder of his father and the ruin of his sister. You're my prisoner, Nick Simpson. Come with me!"

Why, Indeed?

FARMER TURNIPSON had brought his young son David to the city to see the sights, and toward the end of a day was dragging his fourteen stone up the stone steps of the great monument. Long before they reached the top the father was regretting that he had allowed his son to persuade him to undertake such a tiring journey.

"Look, father!" exclaimed the boy when they had at last reached the top "Isn't it a grand sight down there?"

"Well," puffed the elder Turnipson, "if it's so grand down there what in the name of all that's wonderful did you bring me up here for?"

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When Plans Prove Boomerangs

BY HI AKERS

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"I THINK," said Mrs. Martin to her rather willful daughter, "you are making a mistake not to accept Mr. Bradbury

"I think," answered Jean, "I should be making a bigger mistake to marry a man I didn't love."

"Well, you certainly can't help respecting him. The love will come in

He Felt He Had the Right to Consult Mr. Harkness on the Subject.

time. He is steady, energetic, a hard worker, and is getting along finely in the Harkness firm."

"Yes, I know all that," said Jean.

"And just because you do know all that, you'll throw him over for some showy spendthrift who isn't half the man he is."

"Don't you think all this is rather premature, inasmuch as Mr. Bradbury has not yet proposed?"

"Well, you know he will. It's a foregone conclusion."

"Yes, he seems to look at it that way," said the girl. "That's a part of his colossal conceit."

"I have never noticed any conceit," said Mrs. Martin with considerable irritation

She was silent for a minute or two, then she added: "Jean, I have never said much to you about our circumstances. For a girl of nineteen you have seemed rather indifferent, I might say almost oblivious, to the conditions of things."

"Why mother!" exclaimed the girl in a sudden alarm, "what has happened?"

"Oh nothing especial. Only you know the rates of interest have decreased so that our income has gone down one-third, the cost of living has gone up about one-half. If things get any worse——"

"I see," said the girl thoughtfully. "I wonder I didn't think before. I must find something to do. What can I earn money at, do you suppose?"

"I don't know I'm sure," was the extremely discouraging reply.

"You remember," said Jean, "before father died I used to type things for him. Now, there's the typewriter in the storeroom. It is a good machine, and I can start in and practice so as to get up speed. Perhaps I can get a place in an office."

Here Mrs. Martin put up a wail, even lapsing into tears at the thought of her daughter becoming, as she called it, "a shopgirl." But Jean was determined and the clicking of the typewriter keys began to be heard for several hours each day.

Mr Bradbury one evening found Miss Jean at the machine, and Mrs. Martin confided to him her willful daughter's determination to help with the family income. Mr. Bradbury seemed a trifle surprised that such a course was necessary. Mrs Martin explained very much as she had to her daughter

"I should hate to put a mortgage on the property," she said. "It was my husband's wish that the home should always remain unincumbered."

"Oh, by all means!" exclaimed the young man. He had for some time looked with a longing eye on the fine old house with it's pretty grounds. Decidedly there must be no mortgage. He concluded he must bring matters to a crisis. But Jean persistently sidetracked his endeavors, so the next best thing was to help her to a position. He was quite sure she would soon tire of the hard work, and be willing to become Mrs. Leon Bradbury. To throw her into the numerous temptations of an office with all kinds of men, perhaps those who would make themselves agreeable to her, was out of the question, so he watched his chance, and when one of the girls in Mr Harkness' office left, got for her the vacant place. Harkness was a bachelor of set forty, and seasoned and confirmed in a single life. Bradbury had no fears of him as a rival. Besides he would have Jean quite under his eye, and as he told her mother, would "look out for her."

The first day Jean took dictation from Mr. Harkness she made several mistakes.

"I am sorry," she said "I will try not to have it happen again. But if I make you too much trouble, you can discharge me."

But Jean was not discharged She seemed anxious to please, and improved rapidly in her work.

One day when Bradbury was walking home with Jean he asked, "How do you get along with the old man?"

"Do you mean Mr. Harkness?" she queried.

"Why of course."

"I don't call him an 'old man.' He can't be forty; and at any rate his heart and soul are young."

"Oh!" said Mr Bradbury with a silent sneer, "I didn't know a man's 'heart and soul' came to the surface in his office. Rather unusual, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Jean, "the kind Mr. Harkness has is unusual."

Mr. Bradbury was dumfounded. There was no mistaking the earnest ring of admiration in the girl's voice. Was it possible she was falling in love with a man twice her age? He concluded it must be looked into. Possibly Harkness had made advances to her. He determined to find out. He made frequent trips past the office door when it was open. He even made excuses to get inside but he never saw anything the least suspicious in the behavior of the head of the firm. One day he ventured to ask Mr. Harkness if Jean was giving satisfaction Mr. Harkness answered in a cold, businesslike way that she was

As time went on the young man became convinced that Jean had something more than admiration for his employer. There were two important reasons why this should not go on. It was surely a useless, hopeless idea for Jean to cherish. He felt that the girl's life should not be saddened by such a

(Continued on Page 27.)

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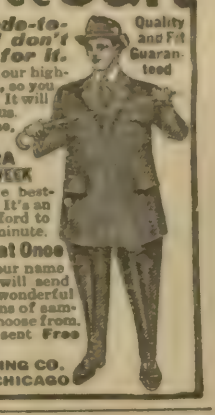

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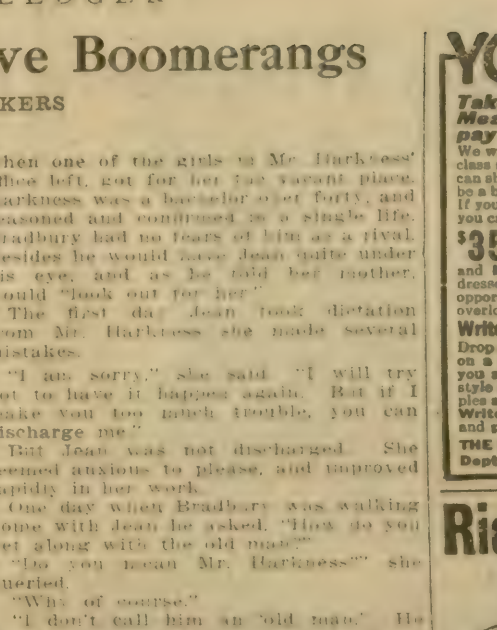

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Flower Basket.

A PRETTY variety of table centerpiece can be made by the woman who is handy with the crochet needle at a very small cost. This is a crocheted flower basket, into which a glass jar or plain glass vase can be set to hold flowers.

Most of us are acquainted with these baskets, which formerly we used to stiffen with sugar water. However, since sugar is scarce, gum arabic can be used to advantage as a stiffening. Enough should be used to make the basket stand by itself. The directions for making are as follows:

One ball white mercerized crochet cotton No. 10 and No. 7 hook.

Base, ch 6, join.

First row—Ch 4, 1 d c into ring, ch 5, 2 d c in ring, ch 5. Repeat until there are six pairs of d c with 5 ch between, sl st into 3d st of the 1st ch 4 of row.

Second row—Fill each ch 5 of row 1 with 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c.

Third row—Sl st to 2d st of 1st scallop of previous row, ch 5, sl st to 5th st of same scallop, ch 5, sl st to 2d st of next scallop and repeat around, making 12 chs of 5 sts each.

Fourth row—Same as second row.

Fifth row—Sl st to center of 1st scallop of previous row, ch 6, sl st to center of next scallop, ch 6. Repeat until there are twelve chains.

Sixth row—Fill in chs with scallops as in second row, making a ch of 5 between each scallop.

Seventh row—Sl st to center of first scallop of previous row, ch 5, 1 s c into ch 5 of previous row, ch 5 into center of next scallop. Repeat around.

Eighth row—Ch 5 into each ch of previous row, making 24 chs in all.

Ninth row—Fill in each chain of previous row with scallop as in second row. This completes the base, but do not break thread. Continue on.

Top:

First row—Ch 4, sl st into base of first scallop of last row of base of basket, ch 4, repeating around until there are 28 chs in row of 4 sts each. (If you cannot make head or tail of this row, put in an extra 4 ch every seventh scallop, so as to get the 28 chains in.)

Second row—Ch 4, 1 s c into 1st ch of previous row. Repeat around; make 18 more rows like this.

Twenty-First row—Ch 5 all around instead of 4. Repeat for 7 more rows.

Twenty-Ninth row—Ch 5, 1 d c into 2d ch of previous row, ch 5, 1 d c into same ch, ch 5, 1 s c into next ch. Repeat around, thus forming the beginning of 14 groups of scallops.

Thirtieth row—Sl st to center of 1st ch of previous row, ch 5, 1 d c into next ch, ch 5, 1 d c into same ch, ch 5, 1 s c into next ch, ch 5, 1 s c into next ch, ch 5, 1 d c into next ch, ch 5, 1 d c into same ch, ch 5. Repeat around.

Thirty-First row—Sl st to center of 1st ch of previous row, ch 5, 1 d c into next ch, ch 5, 1 d c into same ch, ch 5, 1 s c into next ch, ch 3, 1 s c into next ch, ch 3, 1 s c into next ch. Repeat around.

Thirty-Second row—Fill in the 3 chs of 5 st each of each group of previous row with 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c, and connect the groups the same as in the previous row with 3 ch, 1 s c, 3 ch.

Thirty-Third row—Sl st to center of 1st scallop of previous row, ch 5 to center of 2d scallop, ch 5 to center of 3d scallop, ch 5, 1 d c into center of connecting chs of 3 sts each, ch 5 to center of next scallop and repeat around.

Thirty-Fourth row—Fill in each ch of previous row with 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c.

Handle—Sl st to center of 1st scallop of group beginning previous row, ch 135, fasten into center of opposite scallop, sl st to center of 2d scallop of same group, ch 8, fasten into 10th of long ch, ch 12, fasten into center of 3d scallop of same group, sl st to center of 4th scallop of same group, ch 9, fasten into 9th st of previous ch, the 1 d c into every st of long ch up to the 10th st from the end. Ch 10, fasten into center of 4th scallop of group at this end of handle, sl st to center of 3d scallop, ch 8, fasten into 10th st of previous ch, ch 3, fasten into opposite stitch, ch 8, fasten into center of 2d scallop, sl st to center of 1st scallop the ch 5, go into every 5th st of this side of handle, turn, fill in each ch with 1 st, 3 d c, 1 s c, sl st back to other side of cut thread. Repeat on opposite side.

Fads and Fancies.

THE cape coatee of plush, usually developed in seal and nutria colored plushes combined, is shown now by many shops and promises to be very good for early fall wear, especially with cloth dresses and tailored suits.

One of the dominant modes of the moment is the sleeveless jumper, designed to be worn with separate skirts or costumes.

The silk princess slip, in newer fashion, is again in demand. The fad for extremely sheer fabrics in dresses, such as organdie, is responsible for the revival of an old fashion.

Some furriers are showing a new fur scarf that is adjustable and can be worn with either a suit or dress.

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2d ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Do tr cr, same as tr cr, only thread 3 times over hook.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts, together form 1 gr.

Ribbon Bag for Crochet Work

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

EVERY crochet worker will enjoy having one of these handsome bags for her work. This requires 27 inches of wide sash ribbon or 14 inches of flowered silk. The color combination can be any shades desired. The background of a dark shade with light colored flowers is more serviceable in a bag than the dainty light shades, while many of the medium shades make very satisfactory bags. Other fancy ribbon beside the flowered could be used if preferred. Many of the rich plaids, stripes or black and white effects make handsome bags.

Lay the ribbon double, find the center between the two selvedges, measure 3 inches across, that is 1½ inches on each side of the center, then mark 6 inches down on each selvedge and cut, sloping downward to mark on each side, as shown in the illustration. Sew the ends together and hem the cut edges, featherstitch over hem with silk of contrasting shade.

If desired, this bag can be lined with thin silk, but if the bag is made of good, firm material this is not necessary. This style of bag is to hang over the arm, both for carrying one's crocheting and for holding the ball of cotton while working.

Roman Striped Knitted Knitting Bag

BY H. KAUFMAN.

IN THESE days when knitting is so popular, what gift can be more appropriate than a knitted knitting bag? For every worker must have a bag to carry her work and materials. We all know that knitting is carried with us wherever we go, the need for socks, sweaters and headwear will be greater for next winter than it was for last, so the more we knit the greater comfort for the "boys over there."

The bag illustrated here is made of perle cotton No. 3, using size 5 aluminum knitting needles. The Roman stripes are made of 8 bright shades and black, but one can use and combine as many shades as desired. If one has some opened balls of different shades they can be worked in to good advantage here. The shades used in this model are Copenhagen blue, Chinese blue, wisteria, old rose, golden brown, champagne, orange, hunters' green and black; the stripes are uneven in width, which gives variety and produces a very charming effect.

Of the Chinese blue (a rich, bright tone) cast on 130 sts, knit 7 ribs, join champagne, knit 5 ribs, of black knit 1 rib, knit 6 ribs of the green, 1 rib of black, 9 ribs of old rose, 1 rib of black, 5 ribs of wisteria, 2 ribs of yellow, 1 rib of black, 2 ribs of yellow, 1 rib of black, 6 ribs of brown, 5 ribs of Copenhagen blue, 1 rib of black, 6 ribs of green, 1 rib of black, 4 ribs of champagne, 7 ribs of wisteria, 1 rib of black, 8 ribs of old rose, 1 rib of black, 6 ribs of brown, 1 rib of black, 6 ribs of Chinese blue, 5 ribs of champagne, 1 rib of black, 6 ribs of green, 1 rib of black, 5 ribs of Copenhagen blue, 6 ribs of brown, 1 rib of black, bind off.

For the handles, use oval steel frames 11 inches long. Of black cast on 5 sts, knit enough to cover the exposed parts of the handles, allowing a generous portion under the bag.

Allowing 5 inches from the ends sew up the side seams. Line with sateen of any shade desired; the model illustrated is lined with green. Plait the bag over the handles as shown in the illustration and sew securely. Take up the bottom points and join to the end of the seam, forming a drape at each side. Over this sew long Chinese tassels of black and gold with trimmings of green, completing the bag.

This roomy bag will prove convenient and handy, for it will hold both socks and sweater besides the measure, scissors, needles, thimble and all other necessities for knitting.

Of the same colors and thread one can make a slightly different bag, by making each stripe of the same width, using the same number of stitches to start and making 6 ribs of each shade, with 1 rib of black between each color.

The dainty shades of perle make a very attractive summer bag, using pink, light blue, lavender, corn color, green and old rose with black between each color. With this the amber handles and a dainty silk lining are effective, while the trimming should be of satin ribbon flowers in sprays or clusters to be in harmony with the shades and lining.

Organdie and Net.

THE girl who is clever at home dressmaking should fashion for herself this year one of the enchanting little summer dresses which combine organdie and shirred net. Neither material is expensive, yet the two together give an effect of dainty distinction and elegance.

One of the pretty frocks shown is of pale blue organdie and white shirred net—ordinary cotton net which comes two yards wide at 60 and 70 cents the yard.

The whole skirt consists of alternate bands of organdie and shirred net and the organdie bodice has a round neck with a drawn-up tuck of shirred net and net sleeves with bands of the blue organdie set in at the elbow above ruffles of the net. A blue ribbon sash finishes this simple and dainty frock.

Another model is of pink net and pink organdie, the skirt of organdie and over it an apron tunic of the net with several ruffles of net. The bodice of organdie has a deep, ruffled fichu of net and the sash is of net with a narrow ruffle all around and three ruffles on the ends which fall over the net apron.

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A WAY OUT

By Victor Radcliffe

[Copyright.]

"YOU understand what is expected of you, Grimes?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Walworth."

"You are to keep my daughter and this Mr. Adrian Bolton in sight constantly for the next two hours. Don't be obtrusive, but don't for a moment allow them out of your sight. Poor soul," sighed Geoffrey Walworth, "it's hard. I was young myself once, but the madame will have her own way."

"As I understand it," observed Grimes, they are to have the freedom of the grounds, but if they try to leave, stop them?"

"Precisely."

"I'll do my duty, sir."

"Poor souls!" Mr. Walworth had said, and the words well applied to two tender souls going thru a bitter ordeal.

Adrian Bolton, just struggling up from the ranks into a promising legal practice, loved Irene Walworth as he loved his own life. Irene returned his affection. Adrian had received a devastating check to his plans and hopes when he told Mr. and Mrs. Walworth of his desire to marry their daughter.

The father had hemmed and hawed, for Irene was the idol of his heart. Mrs. Walworth, compelling and drastic, soon definitely settled the matter, however.

"Incredible and impossible!" she said in her aggressive and domineering way. "Irene has been promised to the son of my dearest friend, Mrs. Herbert Grey, for the last two years."

"But I do not love Mr. Grey, mamma!" cried the distracted Irene, "and never will!"

"You will obey your parents in this matter or forget all future claim upon us. Sir," added Mrs. Walworth severely to Adrian, "we desire and intend our only child to marry within her station, and this will be final, if you are a gentleman."

That settled it, apparently. Adrian was banished from the house. Practically Irene became a prisoner within. Fair, gentle Irene did not sulk; but she mourned. Her heart nearly broke when she received a letter from Adrian telling her that he had arranged to leave the country forever and wished to bid her good-by.

It had not been easy for Mrs. Walworth to agree that the twain should see each other once more. It was not until her husband had pledged his word that they should be the cynosure of watchful eyes until this last love vigil was over, that Mrs. Walworth consented to the outrageous and unheard-of proposition!" And now, eagerly awaiting the coming of the only man she could ever love, Irene was seated on the porch, her mother at its other end grimly counting on "the ending of this farce so that Irene could get down to reasonableness" and prepare to entertain Mr. Wilfred Grey and his mother, who were to arrive the next day on a visit.

Irene ran down the steps buoyantly joyful as her lover appeared. Her mother gave the arrival a daggerlike look, but did not address him. Adrian lifted his hat courteously to her and to Mr. Walworth, uneasily smoking his cigar beside her. Then Irene and Adrian strolled into the garden, and Grimes, gliding from bush to bush, took up his salaried surveillance of them.

The lovers were given until 10 o'clock to get over their tearful and heroic parting. They had seated themselves in a little summer house quite remote from the porch. Grimes concealed himself in a clump of bushes near by and—went to sleep.

Then something occurred that was entirely unexpected and unforeseen. It was the arrival of Mr. Grey. His mother would be along in the morning, he said. He had anticipated her, having a great desire to see Irene. She was in the garden. A gentleman friend about to depart for abroad was with her, Mrs. Walworth explained. Ah, he would find her!—and off bolted Grey unceremoniously.

Irene had seen him several times, but he had never seemed particularly interested in her. His urgent actions of the present moment caused Mrs. Walworth to experience a thrill of hopeful pleasure.

"I am glad I made a firm stand," she congratulated herself, "as to this presuming young lawyer. Everything will come out all right as soon as he is away from here."

"I hope the two young men don't collide and have a duel, or anything of that kind," observed Mr. Walworth.

Wilfred Grey had been ordained in a church career only recently. He was a mild, sensible man, and not likely to lose his temper or his dignity over a departing rival. Grimes missed something amid his snoring insensibility that might have surprised him.

For this estimable Mr. Grey approached the lovers with a smiling face. He shook hands with Irene, who shrank from him, and very heartily with Adrian, who seemed glad and eager to meet him.

"Why!" murmured Irene, in a puzzled way, "do you know one another?"

"Oh, yes; we met last week," explained Grey, a peculiar smile on his face. Perhaps, Mr. Bolton," he proceeded, "we had better enlighten Miss Walworth."

What had happened without the knowledge of Irene was this: Mr. Grey had amazed Adrian by visiting him a few days previous to announce that, feeling that he stood in the way of the happiness of two devoted lovers, he wished to make a suggestion.

And now he had come to carry it out. Grimes, half awakening, caught the low hum of three voices engaged in conver-

"We Desire Our Child to Marry Within Her Station."

sation in the little summer house. There were quite forceful intonations, which marked decidedly brotherly advice given by Grey. There were fluttering, hesitating accents, proceeding from the sweet lips of Irene. There was the earnest pleading voice of Adrian.

Then there was a lull and then solemn, vibrating tones, and Grimes sat up startled, and wondered if he were dreaming, for he had made a fearful discovery! Neglectful of his pledged guardianship, he rushed for the house. He fairly danced on both feet as he confronted the startled Mr. and Mrs. Walworth.

"They're married!" he fairly yelled.

"They—who—what?" gasped paterfamilias.

"Married?" echoed Mrs. Walworth in a shrill shriek.

"Yes'm. That man—he was to cut in—the minister, Grey. I saw 'em. I heard him. 'Man and wife' were his very words.

"A plot—we're tricked!" screamed Mrs. Walworth, and her bulky form described an ungraceful dash across the garden, her husband following, half-guessing that a climax was culminating. Halfway to the summer house they were confronted, calm and smiling, by Grey. He paraded in advance of two happy creatures, hand in hand, confident of manner and beaming of face.

Mr. Grey put up his hand in true paternal manner to halt father and mother.

"A new son-in-law," he observed, most pleasantly—"my first marriage function. Now, dear people, be reasonable—they are so very happy."

"See here——" stormed Walworth.

"You mean——" faltered his wife.

"That I have married those two, as per agreement with Mr. Bolton a few days since."

"But you who were to marry Irene——" began Mrs. Walworth.

"Sorry, for she is charming, but I have been secretly married for a year. There will be another explosion when my mother arrives, I suppose, for she does not as yet know of it."

The guilty pair looked so innocent and helpless that Mr. Walworth grinned and gave up opposition. His wife railed some, fumed, threatened, had hysterics, was supported in the arms of the new son-in-law, who kissed her meekly as she recovered, and all was forgiven.

* * *

Unkind.

"I only sing for my friends."

"And are they still your friends when you get thru?"

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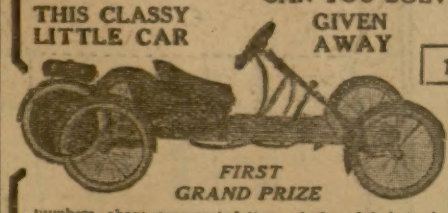

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		10	21	14	9	15	18
1	21	20	15	6	18	5	5

DO YOU WANT IT? This is positively the newest and classiest automobile for Boys and Girls that is made anywhere. "Buckboard" style—easy riding on any road; economical—75 miles on one gallon of gasoline; speed 25 miles an hour. Takes you anywhere a big car can go, and many places where a heavier machine could not possibly make. If you want this car, join our JUNIOR AUTO CLUB NOW.

First solve the puzzle and send us your answer. The numbers above represent letters of the alphabet—A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, and so on. The numbers above make three words, and they tell the truth. What are the three words? If you can tell send us your answer quickly. If you can do this we will give you a handsome reward free—one that will count and help you win the Junior Auto. Remember, no entrance fee; no expense to you; nothing difficult to do.

We Positively Give This "Junior Speedster"

We do not require you to do anything difficult or objectionable to get this dandy car. Our plan is interesting and profitable—we pay cash salaries to all ambitious boys as well as awarding these automobiles for a little easy, pleasant spare-time work. No lottery or game of chance. Any bright boy or girl 12 years old can do all that is required. The more you learn of this novel plan the more interesting it will be to you. You will be enthusiastic when you learn how simple and easy it all is. Send us your solution of the above puzzle and your name and address Today and we will send you our plan by return mail. We will also give you the reward promised for solving the puzzle. Write today.

JUNIOR AUTO CLUB : 558 N. La Salle Street : CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS

I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. For either sex. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness, and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy, neurasthenia, impaired memory and will-power, impure (poisoned) blood, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad breath, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders. Nervous breakdown, weakened intellect and INSANITY are often attributed to tobacco habit by eminent medical men. Why continue committing suicide when you can live a really contented life if you only get your body and nerves right? It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid yourself of habit by suddenly stopping with will-power—don't do it. Correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. Would you like to quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health? My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address:

FREE

EDWARD J. WOODS, TC178, Station F, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Stories of Three Dogs.

BY BELL ELLIOTT PALMER.

A DOG in Venice, California, took a stray kitten for his friend and playmate. Day after day he stood at the bottom of a high board fence and watched her climb. One day he tried to do it himself, and really climbed a few inches. After that he practiced every day. Now he can climb to the top of the fence almost as well as Miss Kitty.

This same dog understands what his master says over the telephone. If the master calls, "Hello, Roby, I am going to bring you home some nice juicy meat," the dog bounds off the chair, where he has been listening thru the receiver which some one holds to his ear. He runs down the road to meet his master, takes his package of meat, with many wags of the tail, and eats it at once by the roadside. But if the message is, "Roby is going to have some nice ice cream," down the dog jumps, pushes a little bowl that belongs to him very near the front door, and then he stands on the front porch. He seems to know that it is much neater to eat ice cream in a bowl, and that the shorter time it has to stand the better, so the bowl must be ready right at the door!

Another Venice dog is not to be admired quite so much, for I am sorry to say he is a "beggar dog." But he is very clever. Crowds and crowds of people walk up and down the long cement walk that runs right by the beggar dog's haunt. Hal, for that is the beggar dog's name, stops right in front of some one. Sometimes he chooses a child, sometimes a lady, often an old gentleman. Then down he goes on his front paws, lays his head flat on the cement walk and whines, for all the world like the tramp who tells mother that he hasn't had any food for thirty-six hours, nor work for six anxious weeks! Those who have heard of Hal know he expects to be given a nickel to make him feel better. But strangers are often at a loss to know what to do for him. If they pat him he keeps on moaning. If they offer him a penny he moans just the same; but if they give him a nickel, he is up like a flash and is off to make a purchase! Sometimes he trots into the butcher shop, and for the nickel they give him some meat. More often he goes for ice cream or pop corn balls.

Some dogs have been taught to be very helpful. Billy, a black dog that lives away up in the mountains, helps take care of a big camp all winter. The real caretaker is so deaf that often he does not hear the telephone ring, but Billy hears and barks and runs to the 'phone and then to the porch until his master comes in from the yard and answers. He likes to help hunt the burros, too, that have been turned out on the mountainside to browse. Once Billy fought a wild cat that came prowling around and killed it.

A dog that can copy cats and answer the telephone, a clever beggar dog, and a dog that helps keep camp in lonely winter and fight off enemies—which do you like the best? Why, of course! I knew you would think so, brave Billy!

About Guinea Pigs.

ONE lovely afternoon four little girl friends were playing together when a neighbor boy stopped at the gate and looked into the yard.

"Hello," he called, "don't you want to come over to my yard and see my new pets?"

Of course the little girls wanted to see the new pets at once, and one of them asked:

"What kind of pets are they?"

"Guess," answered the boy. "The first word begins with a G, and the second word begins with P."

"Gray Pigeons!"

"Gay Pony!"

"Green Parrot!"

"No, no, no, no," laughed the boy, and by that time they were all racing across the street to the other yard.

"Tell us," begged the little girls.

"Guinea Pigs!" said the boy. "They are as pretty as rabbits, and they belong to the rabbit family, my father says. They are not pigs at all. Before you see them I want to tell you this. If you hold them up by their tails their eyes will drop out!"

"What!" exclaimed the four little girls all at once, and the boy laughed, and said it again, "If you hold them up by their tails their eyes will drop out!"

"Did you ever hold them up by their tails?" asked one little girl.

"No, I didn't, but you can if you want to," answered the boy.

"Can you put their eyes back again?" asked another little girl.

"No," said the boy, and he laughed more than ever.

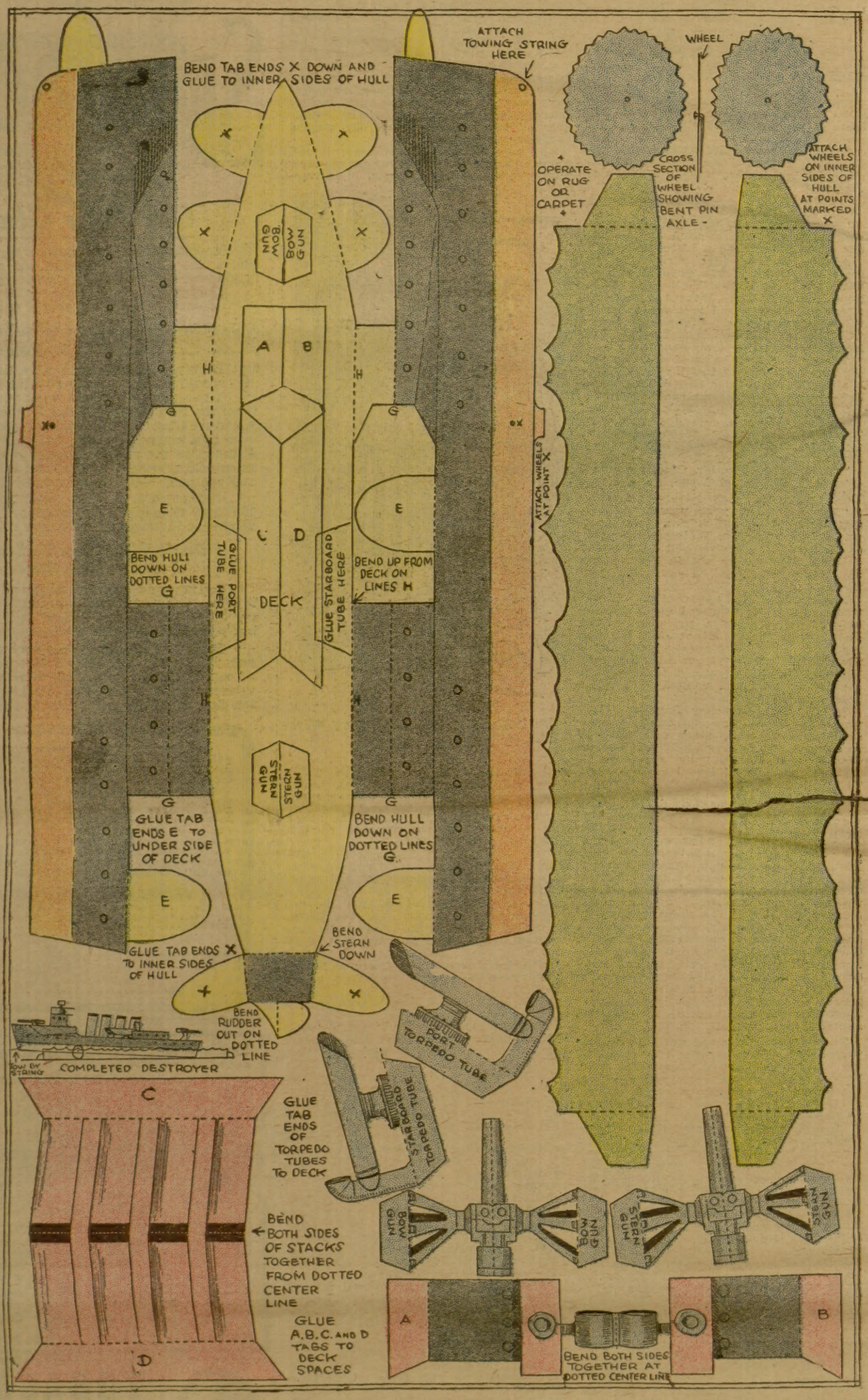
"There is some joke about it!" said the third little girl. "Say it again, Sammy!"

"If you hold a Guinea Pig up by its tail its eyes will drop out," Sammy repeated.

"We'll go try it!" announced the fourth little girl, and away they all went to the barn to see for themselves. When they reached the pretty pets, they laughed and laughed and laughed at the joke Sammy had played on them, and they learned a natural history lesson that none of them ever forgot. If you hold a Guinea Pig up by its tail its eyes will drop out, Sammy had said. So far, so good! Only Sammy did not add this very important bit of information—that Guinea Pigs have no tails!

CUTOUT OF U-BOAT'S FOE—A DESTROYER

To Get the Best Results You Should First Paste This Drawing on Cardboard or Stiff Wrapping Paper. Then Follow Directions and You Will Have a Patriotic Novelty. Another Will Be Published Next Week.


ATTACH TOWING STRING HERE
BEND TAB ENDS X DOWN AND GLUE TO INNER SIDES OF HULL
WHEEL
OPERATE ON RUG OR CARPET
CROSS SECTION OF WHEEL SHOWING BENT PIN AXLE
ATTACH WHEELS ON INNER SIDES OF HULL AT POINTS MARKED X
ATTACH WHEELS AT POINT X
BOW GUN
A
B
H
G
E
C
D
DECK
GLUE PORT TUBE HERE
GLUE STARBOARD TUBE HERE
BEND UP FROM DECK ON LINES H
BEND HULL DOWN ON DOTTED LINES G
STERN GUN
GLUE TAB ENDS E TO UNDER SIDE OF DECK
GLUE TAB ENDS X TO INNER SIDES OF HULL
BEND STERN DOWN
BEND RUDDER OUT ON DOTTED LINE
COMPLETED DESTROYER
PORT TORPEDO TUBE
STARBOARD TORPEDO TUBE
GLUE TAB ENDS OF TORPEDO TUBES TO DECK
BEND BOTH SIDES OF STACKS TOGETHER FROM DOTTED CENTER LINE
GLUE A.B.C. AND D TABS TO DECK SPACES
BEND BOTH SIDES TOGETHER AT DOTTED CENTER LINE

One on Mr. Hoover.

HELEN was fond of the icing on the cake. A cake was brought to the table without the customary icing and Helen was much disappointed and wanted to know why the loved icing was missing. Her mother told her that we were helping Mr. Hoover by using less sugar. The little maid was silent for a few moments, then said, "I wish God hadn't made Mr. Hoover."

The New Fashion.

HIS dog was a fierce Airedale, which could whip, and had whipped, every other bow-wow in the neighborhood. Then he clipped his coat.

"Yes," he said to a friend, "the clipping was my own idea. I believe it made him look better, but it was very awkward for the dog."

"How was that?" queried the friend.

"Oh, the other dogs didn't know him. He had to fight them all over again."

How superior a boy feels when he hears some other boy being scolded.

love. Besides he had made up his mind that he would marry her himself.

As an old and valued employe he felt he had the right to consult Mr. Harkness on the subject.

It was not an easy matter to approach, but after some stammering he plunged in. He believed he had good reason to know that his stenographer had grown to care for him more than was good for her peace of mind. Mr. Harkness' face expressed amazement. He assured Bradbury he had not noticed anything of the kind. Harkness was not in the least erotic looking. His nose was too stubby. But there was a fine breadth of brow and his clean-shaven mouth was firm and kind. Mr. Bradbury insisted something must be done to cure the girl. Mr. Harkness agreed with him.

"Suppose," suggested Bradbury, "you dictate an affectionate letter to a lady, that may show her that it is hopeless for her to——"

"Capital!" exclaimed the other. "I will."

The next day after the other letters were written, and it was near closing time, Harkness nerved himself for the task, and asked Jean to take a dictation.

"My dear Miss——." "You can leave out the name," he said. Then he went on. "I want to know you better. I want to come to your home. Will you let me call? Please answer a sincere friend and admirer."

Harkness noted with a strange little twitch of his lip that her hand trembled, that she made mistakes, and when she said she must make another copy he got up, and turned away.

"I will address it," he said.

The next morning she handed him a letter.

"You made a mistake and addressed this to me," she said. It was the letter to the lady that she had written.

He looked at the letter.

"No," he said. "I made no mistake." At her mystified look he added: "I meant it. May I come?"

No one was as much surprised as Mr. Bradbury when the wedding cards came out.

* * *

When Plans Prove Boomerangs

(Continued From Page 23.)

Love's Optimism.

"YOUR father didn't seem cheerful when I told him you had promised to marry me and we wanted his consent."

"Don't let that discourage you, Bertram. Father was always pessimistic. All he can see in you is a clerk at $18 a week. He doesn't know that you are destined to be one of the greatest financiers in America."

Classified Want Ads

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AGENTS WANTED

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AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

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AGENTS MAKING BIG MONEY. SEND 25C for sample. Money back if not satisfied. Lenox, A602 Security Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

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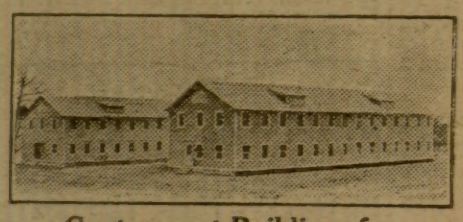
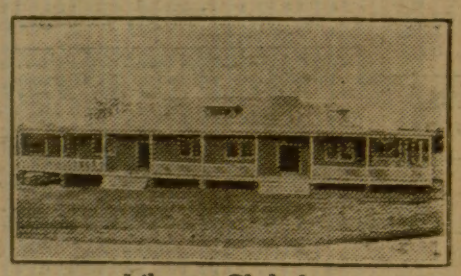


Cantonment Buildings for Single Men

Lawrence Club for Married Men



Liberty Club for Single Men

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We are now doing important war work. Plans are also perfected and shops are built and equipped to make more of our regular product after the war. With us you are sure of having profitable work of patriotic kind now and a permanent job after the war.

Excellent Living Conditions

Over $1,500,000 has been spent by us to build permanent modern homes for newcomers. Rents are very low and houses are near the plant. Dormitories, clubs, and mess halls are also provided for our people without families. Compared with other manufacturing cities, cost of living is low in Erie. You can save money here.

You'll Like to Live in Erie

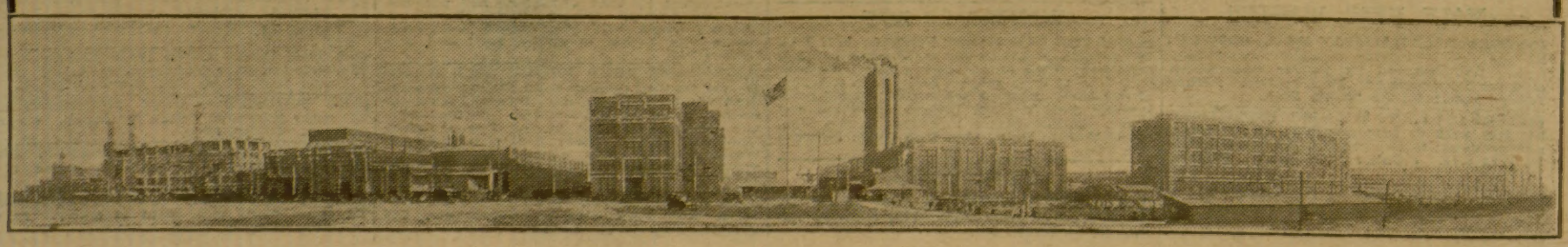
On the shore of Lake Erie with its fishing, bathing, boating, etc. Plenty of parks, amusement places, trolley rides and near other large cities. Erie is really a summer resort and manufacturing center combined. Newcomers speak highly of it.

If You Are an Experienced Mechanic and Are Not Now Engaged in War Work We Want to Hear From You

Tell us your present work and past experience, what wages you are now earning, and ask us any questions you wish. Every letter is strictly confidential. Let us tell you what we can do for you now—and in the future. Find out how you can improve yourself.

You owe this to yourself and to your family. Write us today.

Address

Employment Office, General Electric Company,

Erie, Pennsylvania.